

THE  
IMPOSTVRE

A  
Tragi-Comedie,

A S  
It was Acted at the private House  
IN  
BLACK FRYERS.

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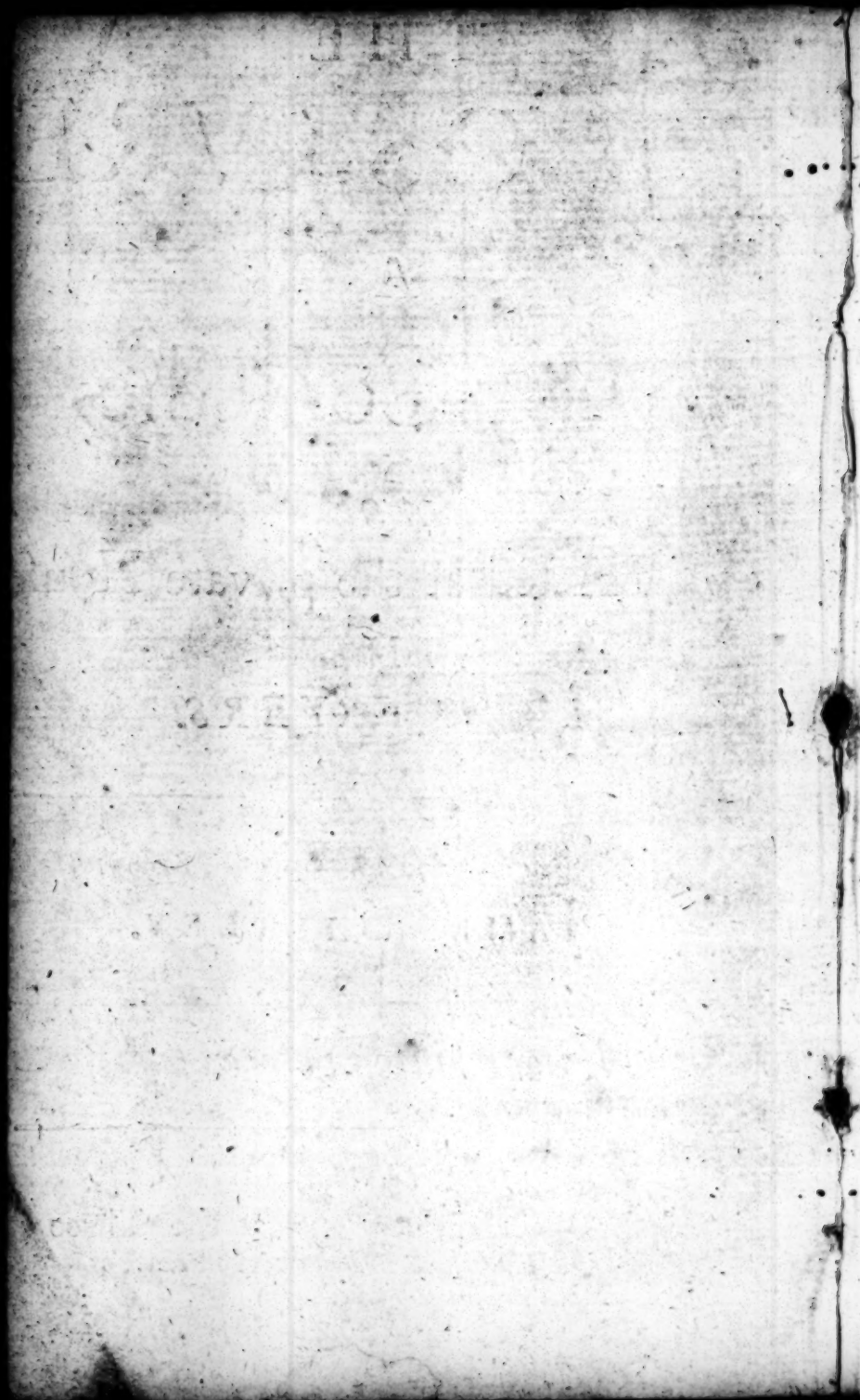
WRITTEN  
By JAMES SHIRLEY.

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*Never Printed before.*

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LONDON,  
Printed for *Humphrey Robinson* at the Three  
Pigeons, and *Humphrey Moseley* at the Prince's  
Armes in St. Paul's Church-yard.







TO  
SIR ROBERT  
BOLLES

Baronet.

SIR,

**I**T hath been a Complement with  
some, when they have treated  
Friends, to profess a barrenness  
in that which they had prepared not without  
studied charge, and Curiosity. As I was ne-  
ver so insolent to magnifie my own, being  
best acquainted with my weak abilities: so  
I should deserve a just affront to my self, and  
undervalue your person, to present you with  
any thing were first cheap in my own opini-  
on. Sir, this Poem, I may with modesty affirm,  
had a fair reception, when it was personated

on the stage, and may march in the first rank  
of my own compositions, which directed now  
by my humble devotion, comes from the press  
to kiss your hand, and bear your noble Name  
in the dedication. I cannot have so much pre-  
judice upon your nature, to think you will de-  
cline it, and should I abate those other cha-  
racters of honour that shine upon you, your in-  
dulgence to Musick and singular love to the  
worthy professors eminently shew the harmo-  
ny of your soul, and while Poetry is receiv'd  
a Musickall part of humane knowledge, I can-  
not despair of your candid entertainment. Sr.  
I beseech you take it, as an earnest of my  
thoughts to serve you, I am assured it brings  
with it, beside the acknowledgment of your late  
obligation upon me, ambitious desires to pre-  
serve my interest in your favour, while I sub-  
scribe my self,

Sir,

The humblest of your

Honourers,

Ja : Shirley.

# The Prologue.

**O**ur poet not full confident he says,  
When Theaters free vote had crown'd his plays,  
Came never with more trembling to the stage,  
Since that poetick Schism possess the age.  
A Prologue must have more wit than the play,  
He knowes not what to write, fears what to say.  
He has been stranger long to th' English scene,  
Knowes not the mode, nor how with artfull pen  
To charm your airy soules; beside, he sees  
The Muses have forsook their groves, the trees  
That fear'd no thunder, and were safely worn  
By Phæbus own priests, are now rudely torn  
By every scurrile wit that can but say  
He made a Prologue to a new — no play.  
But let 'em pass; you Gentlemen that sit  
Our judges, great Commissioners of wit,  
Be pleas'd I may one humble motion make,  
'Tis that you would resolve for th' authors sake,  
I th' progress of his play not to be such  
Who's understand too little, or too much  
But choose your way to Iudge; to th' Ladies one  
Address from the Author, and the Prologue's done,  
In all his Poems, you have been his care,  
Nor shall you need to wrinkle now that fair  
Smooth Alabaster of your brow, no fright  
Shall strike chaste eares, or dye the harmlesse white  
Of any cheek with blushes, by this pen  
No Innocence shall bleed in any scene,  
If then your thoughts secur'd you smile, the wise  
Will learn to like by looking on your eyes.

THE

## Persons.

Duk of Mantua.

Honorio, *his Son.*

Flaviano, *The Dukes Creature.*

Leonato, *The Duke of Ferrara's Son.*

Petronio, *a noble man of Ferrara.*

Bertoldi, *an insolent Coward, son to Florelia.*

Claudio, *a creature of Flaviano.*

Volternio } *Colonells.*

Hortensio }

Antonio, *a Gent.*

Frier.

Pandolfo, *a servant of the Tavern.*

Soldiers.

Servants.

Abbess.

Fioretta, *Daughter to the Duke of Mantua.*

Donabella, *sister to Leonato.*

Juliana, *A Mistress of Flaviavo.*

Florelia, *A noble Lady, Mother to Bertoldi.*

Ladies.

THE

THE  
IMPOSTURE

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*Enter Duke Honorio, Flaviano.  
( at severall Doors.)*

*Duke.*

**N**O Army yet discover'd?  
*Flav.* None.  
*Duke* We are lost.  
*Honor.* Despair not sir.

*Duke* Away, thy confidence is folly,  
Is not danger round about us,  
From every part destruction staring us  
I'th' face? this City, like a fatall Center,  
Wherein the bloody lines of War, and Famine,  
Prepare to meet?

*Flav.* And every minute we expect a Battery.

*Honor.* The walls are not so easily made dust,  
As the besiegers would perswade our faith;  
Disarm not your own hearts, my confidence  
Tells me we sha' not suffer, the Duke of  
*Ferrara* may send yet to raise the siege.

*Duke* Fond Boy, it was thy counsell to depend  
Upon his aids, and promise *Fioretta*,  
Thy Sister, with so great a dowry to  
The Dukes vainglorious Son; fame has beli'd  
His valour, and we now are cheated of  
Our lives and Dukedome.

B

*Honor.* Sir



*Honor.* Sir, with my duty safe, let me intreat you  
 Not stain the character of a Prince so much;  
 The interest we have in that great Title  
 Should make us wise in our belief; for when  
 Princes break faith, Religion must dissolve,  
 And nature grone with burthen of the living  
 Beside his Son *Leonato*, how ever  
 Traduc'd or sullied by some Traitors envy,  
 Deserves a noble fame, and loves the hope  
 Of our alliance; I ne'r saw his person  
 But, twere a sin, honor could not forgive  
 In us to question him.

*Duke.* We fool our selves;  
 Lets think of timely Articles and yield.

*Flav.* Whilst there is hope of mercy.

*Hon.* Oh! this want  
 Of man will make all our well meaning starres  
 Forset their kind aspects, & turn their influence to death

*Flav.* My Lord, I cannot be concern'd in name  
 And honour with your persons, whose least blood  
 Is worth ten thousand arteries of mine,  
 Therefore while such necessities invade us  
 I cannot but prefer your lives, and in  
 My duty counsell, you would think of what  
 Is offer'd here, rather than hazard all  
 By a vain expectation of an Army  
 From *Leonato*, who with all his forces  
 Is not yet sure to prosper in our cause.

*Duke.* Consider that *Honorio*.

*Flav.* Nay, should Heaven  
 So smile upon us, that his sword o'r come,  
 This to weak apprehension may promise  
 Our glory, but examine well the close,  
 There may be greater danger in his victory,  
 Than all our want of him can threaten.

*Hono.* You perplex my understanding.

*Flav.* He

*Flav.* He expects your Sister the reward of his great  
*Hono.* Is it not Justice? (service.

*Flau.* Yes, forbid it goodness,

He should not thrive in his fair hope, and promises;  
But if her Highness find not in her heart  
Consent, to meet the Prince with love and marriage,  
Who shall defend us from his power? that must  
Keep us in awe, and this earth, panting yet  
With frights and sufferings of the Warre.

*Hono.* It is my wonder Lord *Flaviano*, your wisdom  
Should weave these wild impossibilities;  
My Sister not consent? nature, her birth,  
Obedience, honor, common gratitude,  
Beside ambition of what can be hop'd for  
To make her happy, will give wings to her desires.

*Duke* I cannot tell. *Hono.* I cannot think,  
Your reason sir can be so much corrupted,  
To look upon my Sister with that fear,  
She should not fly to meet our great preserver;  
Do you believe, she now 'mong holy Virgins,  
Lead thither by her own devotion,  
During this Warr to pray, and weep for us  
(Teares, whose clear Innocence might tempt an Angel  
To gather up the drops, and string for Saints  
A Christall Rosarie) can wish us safe  
By his victorious arm, without a will  
To be her self his own reward? her virtue  
Must needs instruct her that, and we apply  
No motive to her heart — *A shout within.*

*Du.* What news? *Enter Claudio.*

*Claud.* From the Watch-tower we descry an Army  
Marching this way; the Sun which hath thus long  
Muffled his face in clouds, as it delighted  
In their approach, doth gild their way, and shine  
Upon their burgonets to daze the faint eyes  
Of our besiegers. *Hono.* 'Tis Leonato.

*Claud.* Our Enemies, whose Troops circle the Town,  
Are making hast to meet 'em, and the Foot  
Quitting their trenches, now are gathering  
Into a body, as it seems resolv'd  
To give 'em battle.

*Duke.* We have life again.

*Honorio,* collect what strength we have,  
And make a sally at your best advantage.

'Tis good to engage 'em both waies.

*Hon.* How my thoughts triumph allready !

*Ex.*

*Duke.* Now my Son is gone,  
Who is not of our Counsell; wee must think  
How to behave us, if the Prince succeed,  
Our daughter which wee promis'd him in marriage,  
Being already sent away, the price  
Of his great Victory.

*Flav.* Trouble not your self,  
Great Sir, your wisdom that inclin'd your faith  
To my true Character of the Prince,  
And took my counsell for her absence, shall  
Applaud my future policy ; hee's not come  
To conquest yet, however Princes are not  
Oblig'd to keep, what their necessities  
Contract, but prudently secure their states  
And dear posterity; trust to my care,  
*Fioretta* is no match for *Ferraras* Son,  
A Prince deep read in lusts, faithless, and cruell,  
So will a Turtle with a Vulture shew,  
Or Lamb yoak'd with a Tiger: shee's a pledge  
Destin'd by better fate to Crown your age  
And heart with blessings Sir.

*Du.* Hark,

The drums talk louder, from the battlements,  
I may behold their fight, and see which Army,  
Conquest, now hovering in the air, will mark  
Her glorious perch, upon whose Plumed heads

*She*

She may advance, and clap her brazen wings.

Ex.

*Soft Alarum*

*Flav.* Sir I'll attend: *Claudio.*

*Claud.* My Lord.

*Flav.* Thou left'st the Princess *Fioretta* safe at *Pla-* (centia?)

*Claud.* Yes Sir.

*Flav.* How did she like her progress? thou didst urge  
It was my care of her, to take her from  
The fright and noise of War.

*Claud.* I did my Lord.

*Flav.* And did she taste it well?

*Claud.* To my apprehension exceeding well,  
And gave me strickt commands  
To say she will remember, and reward  
Your love and care of her.

*Flav.* Did she name love?

*Claud.* The very word she us'd, and I return'd,  
How much your study and ambition was  
To merit her fair thoughts.

*Flav.* And didst thou scatter, as I instructed  
Here and there dark language, to  
Dissease her with the Prince, to whom  
The Duke hath rashly made a promise?

*Claud.* All; I had fail'd my duty else my Lord.

*Flav.* Call me thy friend, thou hast deserv'd me, now  
Attend the Duke——so, now my next art must be,  
*Exit. Claudio.*

How to come off with with *Leonato*, if his  
Army prevail, the Duke must be instructed;  
*Honorio* thinks his Sister still i'th' Nunnery;  
That thought must be preserv'd; a thousand wheels  
Move in my spacious brain, whose motions are  
Directed by my ambition to possess  
And call *Fioretta* mine, while shallow Princes  
I make my State decoyes, then laugh at 'em.

*The Imposture.*

*Alarm, Enter Honorio lead by Claudio over the  
Stage wounded.*

The Prince Honorio wounded; fate I bless thee.  
How is it with your highness?

*Hon.* I am shot sir.

*Flav.* Would it were dangerous--be carefull of him;  
A curse upon that hand that mist his heart. *Ex. Hon.*  
So, so, fortune thou shalt have eyes agen  
If thou wouldst smile on mischief, I will build thee  
An Altar, and upon it sacrifice  
Folly and all her children, from whose blood  
A curled smoak shall rise, thick as the mists  
That breath from Incense to perfume and hide  
The sacrificing Priest; fight on,  
Ye are brave Fellows, he that conquers may  
Get Honor, and deep wounds, but I the day. *Exit.*

*Alarm and Retreat. Then Enter Leonato, Volternio,  
Hortensio, and Souldiers in Triumph, at one door; at  
the other, Enter Men with boughes of Laurell  
singing before the Duke, Flaviano, Claudio.*

*You Virgins, that did late despair  
To keep your Wealth from cruell men,  
Ty up in silk your careless hair,  
Soft peace is come agen.*

*Now lovers eyes may gently shoot  
A flame that wo' not kill:  
The Drum was angry, but the Lute  
Shall wisper what you will.*

*Sing To, To, for his sake,  
Who hath restor'd your drooping heads,  
With choice of sweetest flowers make  
A garden where he treads;*

*Whilst,*



*Whilst, we whole groves of Laurell bring,  
A petty triumph to his brow,  
Who is the Master of our Spring,  
And all the blooms we ow.*

*Dnk.* Our hearts were open fir before the gates  
To Entertain you, I see *Laurells* grow  
About your temples, where, as in a grove  
Fair Victory Enamour'd on your brow  
Delights to sit, and cool her reeking head  
And crimson tresses in your shade.

*Flav.* The City  
In glory of this day shall build a Statue  
To you their great preserver, whose tough brass  
Too hard for the devouring teeth of age  
Shall eat up Time, to keep your fame Eternall;  
Our active youth in honor of your name  
Shall bring agen the old Olympick games,  
And willing to forget what's past in time,  
And story, count their years from this dayes triumph,  
As if the World began but now; the wives  
As if there were no legends past of love,  
Shall only talk of you, and your great Valour;  
And careless how mans race should be continu'd  
Grow old in wonder of your deeds; our Virgins  
Leaving the naturall tremblings that attend  
On timorous maides, struck pale at sight of blood,  
Shall take delight to tell what wounds you gave,  
Making the horror sweet to hear them sing it;  
Their hands at the same time composing Garlands  
Of Roses, Mirtle, and the conquering Bay,  
To adorn our Temples, and the Priests, and while  
The Spring contributes to their art, make in  
Each garden a remonstrance of this battle,  
Where flowers shall seem to Fight, and every plant

Cut into Forms of green Artillery,  
And instruments of War, shall keep alive  
The memory of this day, and your great Victory.  
Yet all that can be studied short of you,  
Our best, a rude Imperfect Monument  
Of your deserved honors.

*Leo.* Y<sup>e</sup> are too bountifull  
In language sir, the service wee have done  
May merit your acknowledgment, which though  
The Justice of your cause directed first  
To this success, was not without a hope  
Of a reward you promis'd, and I value it  
More than you can esteem all your preservings;  
So much hath fame prefer'd your Daughters Virtue  
To every excellence.

*Duke.* This addsto what  
Wee held before excess of honor to us.  
I had but a part i<sup>n</sup> th<sup>e</sup> Universall benefit  
Your Valour gave, but this affection  
Falls like a happy Influence on my self  
And blood, whose aged streams you fill with blessings.  
My Daughter shall be yours, in which I sum  
My lives chief satisfaction. My Lord  
Go to the house of Benedicaine Nuns,  
Among whose sweet society our Daughter,  
During this War and tumult, went to offer  
Her prayers for our deliverance.  
I am in a storm, and now must stand *(aside)*  
My desperate fate.

*Horten.* I hope shee's not turn'd Nun?

*Leo.* I should not like it. *(much)*

*Vol.* May not we visit the holy house? 'tis pittie so  
Sweet flesh, should be engros'd and barrell'd up  
With penitentiall pickle 'fore their time,  
That would keep fresh and fair, and make just work  
For their Confessions. I do not like the women  
Should be cabled up.

*Hor.* I

*Her.* I think so.

*Vol.* I would this Virgin would be peevish now.

*Her.* Why so?

*Vol.* That we might ha' some sport among the Leve

For I would so inflame the Generall

He were affronted, that wee should have all

Commillion to work into the Warren.

*Le.* We do want a person here, whose name is great  
I'th' Register of honor, it would much

Enlarge our present happines to Embrace him,

Your Son the prince *Honorio*. *Duke.* 'Twas his chance

Upon a fally, when your colours gave

Us Invitation to the Field, and spirited

Our souldiers, to receive a shot, whose cure

May excuse the want of his attendance fir,

Nor will I doubt his wounds are doubled by

The thought he cannot wait upon your person.

*Le.* He should have honor'd us, and made me proud  
To know, whom so much fair desert hath made

Dear in the voice and love of men: but I

Shall not despair to see him. We want

A limb of our own Army, where is Signior

*Bertoldi*, that came with us to see *Fashions*?

I hope we have not lost him.

*Horten.* Sir, I know not, I fear hee's slain.

*Vol.* He wo'not dy so nobly;

He'l nere give up the ghost without a Fetherbed.

He vvas sick last night at the report vve vvere

But three leagues off the Enemy, and call'd

For a hot caudle. I that knevv his cold

Disease perswaded him to drink, vvhich he

Did fiercely as I could vvish, in hope to see him

Valiant and vvalk the round; but quite against

Nature his ague shook him more, and all the Drinke

Which vvas the full proportion of a gallon

Came out at's forehead in faint sweate; he had

Not mov'd ten paces, but he fell downn backvvard

And

And swore he was shot with a cold bullet; how  
They rould him like a Barrel back to his Tent,  
For levers could not raise him to make use  
Of's feet agen, I know not, nor since saw him.

*Hort.* I hope hee's still asleep.

*Volt.* But when he wakes,  
And finds the Army marcht away, He dares not,  
Go home agen alone, & how hee'l venture  
O'r the dead bodies hither——he has don't.

*Enter Bertoldi.*

*Ber.* Where is the General?

*Leo.* Here comes our mirth.

*Hort.* A walking Armorie; noble Signior *Bertoldi.*

*Bertol.* If you want Pikes or Muskets there, I could  
Ha brought field peeces, but I durst not venture  
My chine.

*Leon.* Where had you these?

*Bert.* Ask, ask the men I kill'd, if they deny  
A syllable I'l forswear the Warrs.

*Volt.* He has disarm'd and rob'd the dead.

*Hort.* A coward has impudence to rob a Church.

*Volt.* He durst not take 'em from a man that had  
But so much life in him to gasp or grone,  
That noise would fright him.

*Hort.* I rejoyce Signior, y<sup>e</sup> are safe come home.

*Bert.* I would I were at home, and you get me  
Among your Guns agen——how ist *Volterino?*

*Enter Flaviano.*

*Volt.* This news will much exalt your Mothers heart.

*Leon.* He is return'd but with a melancholy face.  
Where is the Princess?

*Du.* Where is our Daughter?

*Flav.* Where her devotion I fear will make  
This Dukedome most unhappy, if your virtue  
Exceed not what is read in other Princes,  
It was my fear that place, and conversation,  
Would mortifie too much that active heat Should

Should wait on the desires of high-born Ladies.

*Leon.* The mystery?

*Volt.* Do not you find it? they have nunnified her.

*Flav.* Sir, your pardon;

She whom first fear and fright of War perswaded  
To joyn her prayer and person with the Virgins  
In the religious Cloyster, by what art  
Or holy magick won, is now resolv'd

*Leon.* What, hath she vow'd?

*Flav.* Untill a year be finished

By revolution of the dayes great guide,  
Not to forsake the Nunnery, but spend  
Her hours in thankfull prayers to Heaven for this  
Great victory.

*Volt.* So, so, It will come to the battery I talk'd of.

*Duke.* It cannot be.

*Leo.* It must not be

*Volt.* I am of that opinion my Lord,  
It must not be, this is a stratagem.

*Flav.* She humbly praies you would interpret this  
No breach of filiall piety, nor your  
Highness a will to wrong so great a merit  
As hath engag'd all fortunes here, and lives  
To bleed for you, but weigh in your best charity  
That duties are first paid to Heaven, the spring  
And preservation of what makes us happy,  
And she is confident when you consider

*Leon.* How much my honor suffers, to imploy  
The strength I have to punish this affront.

*Bert.* A pox upon't, we shall ha' more fighting now

*Duke.* I hope you have no thought of any practice  
Here to deserve that language?

*Volt.* Y<sup>e</sup> are abus'd.

*Leon.* If you be her Father sir, I must expect  
What did ingage me hither, and without  
Delayes, or leave this City in a flame.

*Bert.* More



*Bert.* More Fire-works ?

(trude.

*Leon.* In whose Ashes I will bury this foul ingra-  
*Duke* We are ruin'd all.

*Bert.* There is not so much danger, to be put  
In Rank and File with Pye-meat in an Oven,  
If a man were certain to come out agen  
Dow-bak'd.

*Leon.* Yet stay. I have considered,  
I may have leave to see this Frozen Lady.

*Duke* We are more undone.

*Flav.* Your person may prevail fir,  
And by some better charm, gain her consent,  
Or if you please not to ingage your self  
Upon the trouble of a hasty visit,  
The presence of her Father, and what else  
We can prepare to keep your smile upon us,  
Shall be inforc'd, to clear how much we aim  
At the perfection of your wishes.

*Bert.* So, so. *Leon.* Prosper.

*Flav.* I have now courage fir to serve your will,  
And am o'th' sudden confident.

*Leon.* It pleases.

*Exit Leon.*

*Duke* It is impossible.

*Flav.* Promise any thing  
In such a strait, and not despair to effect it.  
Be private men content with their poor Fathom;  
Since Heaven we limit not, why should not Kings  
Next Gods, perform the second mighty things?  
Your ear—

*Exit.*

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## A C T II.

*Enter Flaviano and Abbess.* (with a Letter.)

*Flav.* You will obey the Dukes command?

*Abbes.* Good Princes,

Punish, not teach us sacrilege; I'll obey

A

A thousand sufferings ere such a rape--- *Flav.* A rape?  
*Abbeſſe* Of honor, Honesty, Religion;  
 I am plac'd here to preserve, and not betray  
 The Innocent; should I instead of prayer,  
 Chast life, the holyness of vow, of discipline,  
 With those austerities that keep wild blood  
 In calm obedience, now begin to teach  
 Soul-murdering liberty, the breach of all  
 Was promis'd Heaven.

*Flav.* Wy' Madam you mistake,  
 We ask no Virgin to turn Whore, we onely  
 Desire you would perswade some pretty Nun,  
 In this extremity, to take upon her  
 The Princess *Fioretta*, whom *Leonato*  
 Ne'r saw, and be his Wife in honest marriage.

*Ab.* Can you be thus  
 Unjust to him, so late preserv'd your lives?

*Flav.* Trouble you not your reverend head with that,  
 He shall be satisfied, and you remain  
 Still mother of the Maid, no more four faces,  
 But turn your wit to th' business. *Ab.* Never fir.

*Flav.* Take heed and have a care of this inclosure,  
 The Dukes breath makes all flat, tis yet no common;  
 Xare old, and should be wise.

*Ab.* I would be honest.

*Flav.* Shew it in your obedience; will you do't?

*Ab.* Never.

*Flav.* D'ee hear? I sent unto this holy place,  
 A Damzel call'd *Juliana*, she's in your Catalogue,  
 And yet but in probation, cause I see,  
 You make so nice a conscience, so severe,  
 I th' rules of honesty, and would not have,  
 Your Virgin province touch'd with least defilement,  
 Pray let me speak with her, it will concern you.

*Ab.* Would you pervert her?

*Flav.* I know not what you call perverting,

But

But she has not too much Nuns flesh,  
And tis my charity to your chaste Order  
To give you timely notice.

*Ab.* What do I hear?

*Flav.* No more than you may justifie in time,  
If things prove right, she was a merry soul  
And you ha' not spoild her, if you mean to be  
No Midwife, let me talk with her a while.

*Ab.* Protect us Virgin thoughts.

*Exit.*

*Flav.* So, so, this was reserv'd to wind up all,  
It may be fortunate;  
I know her spirit high, and apt to catch at  
Ambitious hopes and freedom, some good counsell  
May form her to my purpose, I have plung'd  
Too farre, to hope for safety by return,  
I'll trust my destiny to the stream, and reach  
The point I see, or leave my self a rock  
In the relentless waves; shee's here, I'm arm'd.

*Enter Juliana and Abbess.*

*Jul.* By your own goodness, reverend Mother give  
No belief to him; though he be a great man,  
He hath not been held guilty of much virtue,  
Yet tis my wonder he should stain my Innocence;  
Pray in your presence, give me leave to acquit  
My Virgin honor; for the wealth of all  
The World, I would not have this shame be whisper'd  
To the stain of our profession.

*Enter Nunne.*

*N.* Madam, the Duke.

*Ab.* The Duke?

*Flav.* Peace to the fair *Juliana*.

*Exit Abbess.*

*Jul.* Y'are not noble,  
A most dishonored Lord, your titles cannot  
Bribe my just passion, who will trust a man?  
Oh sir, you are as black, nay have a soul  
As leprous with ingratitude, as the Angels

*Arc*

Are white with Innocence; was't not enough  
To rob me of my honor, the chief wealth  
Of Virgins; and confine me to my tears,  
Which ne'r can wash away my guilt (should I  
Live here to melt my soul into a stream  
With penitence) but when I had resign'd  
The World with hope to pray, and find out mercy,  
You must thus haunt me with new shame and brand  
My forehead here, as if you meant to kill  
My better essence by despair, as you  
Have stain'd my body. *Flav.* Deer *Juliana* I  
Confess I injur'd thee thou knew'st no sin  
But from my charm, 'twas only I betraid thee  
To loss of thy dear honor, then of liberty,  
For 'twas my practice, not thy pure devotion  
Made thee a Recluse first; but let not passion  
Lose what I would not only save from shipwrack,  
But make as happy as thy thoughts can wish thee;  
By thy vvrong'd self tis true, nor could I choose  
Another vway than by discovery  
Of both our shames to right thee, I am come  
To make thee satisfaction in so high  
And unexampled vway of honor, thou  
Shalt say I did deserve to be more vvicked,  
When thou hast vveighed the recompence.

*Julia.* You amaze me

*Flav.* Collect thy senses, and discreetly mind me;  
Thou canst not be concern'd so much alive  
In any other story, hear me gently  
And prize the vwealth of every syllable.

*Enter Duke and Abbess.*

*Ab.* Had you been pleas'd to have left your daughter  
My charge and sweet companion, I should  
Have left no duty unessaid, to have shew'd  
In vvhat degree I honor'd her, but I  
Must not dispute your royall pleasure, though

Will

With some sad thoughts to separate, I resign'd her  
To your commands.

*Duke.* It was your virtue Madam, she found no  
Consent to be profess, nor love the Prince,  
To whom I promis'd her a Wife, although  
Our fears keep warm his hope, in his belief  
Shee's here inclos'd still, but without thy help,  
We are all lost.

*Julia.* The Prince *Leonato*?

*Flav.* Ther's a preferment, this is considerable.

*Julia.* If you my Lord be serious ; a Princess !  
The change would do well.

*Flav.* Be but confident to manage it.

*Julia.* Hath he not seen the Princess by picture?

*Fla.* Never.

*Julia.* Strange!

*Fla.* 'Twas a ceremony, in the necessities of our state,  
The Duke ne'r thought on, & I meant not to insert it,  
As knowing *Fioretta* had no zeal,  
To what her Father darkly had contracted;  
His Highness doth expect thee.

*Julia.* It would be  
More for my honor, if he took the pains,  
To visit our Religious house, and then——

*Flav.* It shall be so.

*Julia.* But twill be necessary,  
You purge me to the *Abbesse*, no suspicion,  
Must live within her thought.]

*Flav.* I apprehend;

Oh! you have shot a trembling through my soul,  
I dare not kiss your hand, the Earth you tread on,  
Would too much grace the lips have so prophan'd you.  
Madam your pardon ; fir be you the witness,  
I have wrong'd this noble Virgins honor,  
It was my anger, and revenge upon  
Your goodness that so late oppos'd me made



Me careless, where I hung disgrace and scandall;  
Thus I implore her mercy and forgiveness,  
Take her white thoughts to yours agen, she is  
As innocent from sinfull act by me  
As the chaste womb that gave me life.

*Duke* Tis piety,  
Thus to restore the Innocent, I conceive not  
His aym in this.

*Abbesse* Tis satisfaction.

*Juli.* VWhen I stray from your sweet precepts---

*Abbes.* In, I am confirm'd.

*Flav.* All to our expectation, shee's prepar'd,  
A Mistris for the Prince.

*Duke* But now I think on't  
She must not marry him, it will breed ill blood.

*Flav.* By all means marry him, there's no other way  
To send him hence, and quit us of the Army,  
I'll instantly acquaint him how I prosper. *Exit.*

*Duke* It must not be, my honor will bleed for it.  
I have been too much guided by *Flaviano*.

*Madam* ———

*Abesse* Your face is troubled.

*Duke* No, my heart  
VWhich you may cure with honor, as I have  
Contriv'd it now ———

*Abbesse* I shall study with my loss of life  
To gain your bosom peace.

*Duke* I like this Virgin,  
I know my Lord here hath been practising,  
But finds her not inclin'd to that extent  
VVe had propos'd, she is virtuous, you shall  
Counsell her onely but to take the name  
Of my *Fioretta*, but not change her life  
To marry with the Prince; I do believe,  
Her chaste, Oh let your goodness keep her still so,  
And fortifie her vertuous thoughts, I doubt not

But she with holy eloquence, and pretence  
Of vow, and Virgin sanctity,  
May so prevaile upon him both to save her self,  
Our honors, and the Kingdom from a sacrifice.  
May not this be?

*Ab.* Such extremes I know not.

*Dr.* If she persist a chaste, and noble Virgin,  
You must dispencc, we have but little time  
For pause, unless this present care be found,  
We all must bleed to death upon the wound.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Bertoldi.*

*Bert.* Hum! shall I never fight? drink wo'not do't,  
No nor a Whore the greater provocation;  
I speak it to my shame, I never durst  
Fight for my wench, yet Gentlemen commend  
My confidence at paying of a reckoning,  
There I can kill 'em all with curtisie, (per,  
Discharge my Peecces like a Mr. Gunner at a great sup-  
Yet I am not valiant, this must be mended someway.

*Enter Volterino.*

*Volterino?* a word;

Tis not unknown to you, that I am a coward.

*Volt.* No, not a coward, but you, are not fir,  
If I were put to answer upon Oath,  
So valiant altogether as *Don Hercules*,  
That strangled a great Bull with his forefinger (horse  
And's Thumb, and kil'd the King of *Troys* great Coach  
With a box o'th' ear.

*Ber.* Pox on't, do not abuse me, I shall take it  
Scurvily and you deny it.

*Volt.* But you wo'not beat me.

*Ber.* Ther's the thing, I know't  
As well as you can tell me, I am base,  
And in plain terms a coward.

*Volt.* Why dost not beat thy self for being one?

*Bert.* Then

*Bert.* Then I durst fight; no, I was begotten  
In a great Frost, between two shaking Agues,  
I never shall be valiant, who can help it?  
But when you come home agen, if you vwill but  
Svvear I am valiant —

*Volt.* You shall pardon me.

*Bert.* Come, my Mother shall make you amends; a ha;  
You love her, she's a Lady and a Widdovv,  
That has the Goldfinches, hark in your ear;  
You shall have her.

*Volt.* Shall I have her?

*Bert.* A vvord to the vvife.

*Volt.* Would I vvere sure on't:  
If I have thy Mother, I vvill not only svvear thou art;  
But make thee valiant.

*Bert.* Would it vvere possible, upon that condition  
You should ha' my Sister too.

*Volt.* She's dead:

*Bert.* If she were alive I mean —

*Volt.* Farewell, wee'l treat agen, and if I live  
Thou shalt be *Julius Caesar*.

*Exit.*

*Enter Hortensio.*

*Bert.* When I dye, thou shalt be *Cesars* heir.  
*Noble Hortensio.*

*Hort.* I am in hast, what's the matter?

*Bert.* There lies your way, a hundred thousand Ducats  
Will find entertainment somewhere else.

*Hort.* Canst thou help me to 'em?

*Bert.* Yes, and a better business.

*Hort.* How? where noble *Bertoldi*?

*Bert.* Wy--- but you are in hast.

*Hort.* No, no, where is all this money?

*Bert.* Safe enough in a place.

*Hort.* But how shall I come by it?

*Bert.* You know my Mother.

*Hort.* The rich Lady *Florelia*, the Court Widdow,  
hec's my Mistris.

*Bert.* You shall have her.

*Hort.* Shall I?

*Enter Leonato, Flaviano, Volterino.*

*Bert.* Yes, and be Master of as much money  
As will make you mad.

The Prince, hark in your ear.

*Fla.* I knew I should prevail, and I am happy,  
There's no frost now within her, if your excellence  
Would grace the Monastery with a visit  
And satisfie your self, your presence will  
Perfect the business, and be a just excuse  
To some nice ceremonies that detain  
Her Person to comply with virgin modesty,  
The Duke will meet you there.

*Leon.* I will attend him.

*Flav.* You will consider Sir it is a place  
Not us'd to publique treaties, though dispenc'd with  
For this your solemn view, and conference,  
Your person may be trusted there, without  
A numerous train.

*Leon.* You shall direct me Sir.

*Volterino,* you shall only wait upon me.

Sir when you please.

*Flav.* I'm proud to be your conduct.

*Exit. Leo. Flav. Volt.*

*Bert.* You shall have her  
And her Estate, that's fair, she has enough  
To undo the Devill if he go to law with her,  
My Father's dead and has told him that already.

*Hort.* I'll do't.

*Bert.* Here's my hand, my mother's thine.

*Hort.* Not my mother.

*Bert.* She shall be any thing I'll have her,  
Do you but perswade her I am valiant,  
And I'll venture to beat her, and she dare  
Deny to marry any man I please

*Exit.*

*The Imposture.*

To call my Father in law.

*Hort.* Let's walk and think on't.

*Bert.* You may swear any thing,  
And you pawn your soul for me,  
You know you cannot be a loser.

*Ex.*

*Nunns Discovered singing*

O fly my soul, what hangs upon  
thy drooping wings,  
and weighs them down,

With love of gaudy mortall things?

The Sun is now i'th' East, each shade  
as he doth rise,  
is shorter made,

That Earth may lesson to our eyes:

Oh be not careless then, and play  
untill the Star of peace

Hide all his beames in dark recess;

Poor Pilgrims needs must lose their way,  
When all the shadowes do entreate.

*Enter Duke, Leonato, Flaviano, and Volterino.*

*Soft Musick, after the Song*

*Enter Juliana Abbesse, and Nunns.*

*Le.* She is exceeding fair, what pittie 'twere  
Such beauty and perfection should be  
Confin'd to a melancholy Cell: I approach  
You Madam with the reverence of a votary,  
You look so like a Saint, yet nature meant  
You should not with such early hast translate  
Your self to heaven, till earth had been made happy  
With living modells from your excellent figure.  
You that become a cloud, and this dull dresse  
So well, whose sight doth pale, and freeze the blood,  
How will you shine to admiration  
Of every eye, when you put on those Ornaments  
That fit your name and birth? if like a statue



Cold and unglorified by art, you call  
Our sense to wonder, where shall we find eyes  
To stand the brightness, when y'are turn'd a shrine,  
Embellisht with the burning light of Diamonds,  
And other gifts that dwell like starres about you?

*Iuli.* If you do fancie me an object so  
Prodigious, for the safety of your eyes  
And others, tender-sighted, give consent,  
I may not change this poverty and place,  
(More pleasing to my self, than all the pride  
Can wait those Goddeses, at Court you bow to)

*Leon.* And yet 'twere heresie in me to say  
You could receive addition or glory  
By the contributory blaze of Wealth,  
Or other dress, which art and curiosity  
Can form; you are not by them grac'd, but they  
By you made beautifull. Jewells near your eye,  
Take soul and Lustre, which but once remov'd  
Look dull as in their quarry.

*Fla.* He is taken.

*Leon.* I now applaud my fate, and must account  
My undertaking in this War to save  
Your Dukedom, but the shadow of a service,  
When I consider my reward. Oh! hast  
To make me Envi'd of the World, and once  
Possess'd of you, to undervalue all  
But Heaven, of which you are the fairest copy.

*Iuli.* My Lord, our study here is life, not language,  
And in that little time I've had of practice,  
My tongue hath learn'd simplicity, and truth;  
You are a Prince, and in your Creation  
But one degree from Angels, strive to rise  
That one round higher, and y'are perfect; I am  
By my good Fathers leave, and the sweet rules  
Of this Religious order, now i'th way  
To meet another Bridegroom, before whom

While

While you stand a competitor, you fall  
To Atomes ; fir my love is planted here,  
And I have made a vow, which your own charity  
Will bid me not to violate, (your triumph  
Being the spring of my imperfect duty,)   
That for a year, I'll spend my time among  
This happy Quire, to offer up my Prayers  
And humble gratitude to Heaven, a weak  
Oblation for our safeties.

*Flav.* Ha? how's this?

*Leon.* My Lord, did you not say you had prevail'd?  
What mockery is this?

*Flav.* I am undone.

What does the Gipsy mean, shee'l betray all.  
Most excellent Madam. *In.* Oh my Lord imploy  
Your counsell, to advance not Kill our Virtue,  
Remember where, and what I am.

*Flav.* So, so.

*Volt.* Sir will you suffer this? a new affront.

*Julia.* I am resolv'd

To live and pay you better tribute here  
For your affection, and unequal'd service.  
Here no distraction will afflict my prayers,  
Which trust me I will offer chastly for you,  
At every hour of my devotion.

'Tis you, next Heaven, that gave this blessing to us,  
To meet, and in the holy Quire breath up  
Our sacred Hymes, while Angells Eccho to us,  
And Heaven delighted with our harmony,  
Opening her azure curtaines will present us  
A vision of all the joyes we pray and hope for.

*Flav.* This my instructions?

*Julia.* O think my Lord

To what a loss of Heaven your love invites me,  
Yet let me not be thought while I pretend  
The choice, and sweetness of a Recluse, I

Should in a thought accuse your worth, who are  
The man of all the World I most could fancie;  
If I be seen to blush, make it no sin,  
I know it is but honourable love  
Wings your desire, and that which should prefer you,  
Is merit of your Sword that cut our way,  
To freedom and soft peace, Religions Pillow,  
The Nurse of Science, and the generall blessing,  
You have a title yet more strong pleads for you,  
The contract, and the promise of a Prince  
A chain with many Links of Adamant.

*Duke* I like not that.

*Jul.* To bind and make me yours,  
When I have nam'd these severall interests,  
And look upon my self so short of merit,  
I chide your unkind destiny, at such  
Expence of honor to go off unsatisfied,  
And quickly should despise my self the cause  
Of your distast, but that my vow confirms me,  
And mustring up Religious thoughts prevailes,  
Above my other will, made to obey you,  
Tis but a year my Lord, that I have bound  
My self this exile.

*Leon.* Tis an age.

(that,

*Jul.* But while Time hath one minute in his Glass of  
Nothing shall take me hence, unless you bring  
An impious strength upon this holy dwelling,  
And force me from my cell, but you are far  
From such a sacrilege, oh think not on it,  
I'll place you in my heart while you are virtuous,  
But such an Act might lose those noble thoughts  
Of you I wish preserv'd, but I offend,  
And am too large in this unwelcome argument,  
May wisdom guide your Princely thoughts,  
Whilst I return to pray for you.

*Exit.*

*Flav. Shee*

*Flav.* She has orethrown all.

*Volt.* Sir, if you love her she  
Hath taught you a cunning way to make her yours,  
This habit is compel'd, a little force,  
For form will disingage her, she does love you,  
And pleaded handsomely against her self.

*Leon.* No more - I'll not despair yet of your Daughter,  
This is but Virgin nicety, at the next  
Meeting she may incline to smile upon me,  
Shee's too much treasure to be won at first  
Assault, *Volterino.*

*Exit Leon. Volt. Hort.*

*Duke. Flaviano.*

*Flav.* I did expect a storm.

*Duke* We are not safe yet.

*Flav.* I wonder why *Juliana* kept not promise,  
The Dog-dayes thaw her chastity, I'm mad,  
Oh for some stratagem to save all yet,  
But you Sir (give me leave to say) are timorous,  
Princes should fix in their resolves, your conscience  
Should be as subject to your will, as I am.

*Duke* I must confess *Flaviano* I had  
No fancy to *Julianas* marriage. (man)

*Flav.* That was all my hope, how could I love the  
Durst kill him now.

*Duke* I shudder, what noise is that?

*Flav.* These horrors will eternally affright us.

*Enter Leon. Bert. Volterino, Hortensio, with swords drawn.*

*Leo.* The man that dares be guilty of least Insolence,  
To any Virgin, dyes. *Exeunt Leon. Vols. Horten.*

*Ber.* My hopes are nipt, I thought to have tasted,  
Nuns flesh, but the General has made it fasting day. *Ex.*

*Flav.* I hope he means to force away *Juliana* —  
Ha? they attempt it, prosper 'em deer fate.  
Blest beyond expectation.

*Duke* Dost think,  
We shall be safe.

*Enter*

*Enter Leonato, Juliana in her habit,  
Volterino, Hortensio.*

*Leon.* Injoy the other benefit of my Sword  
In peace, this shall be mine.

*Exit Leon. Jul. Vol. Hort.*

*Flav.* The stars dote on us.

*Enter Honorio and Claudio.*

*Hon.* VVhat unexpected tumults fright the City?

*Du.* You are too bold upon your wound *Honorio*  
To come abroad.

*Flav.* The Prince has stoln your Sister  
From the Nunnery.

*Hon.* He dares not  
Blemish his honor so, though he deserv'd her,  
And all our lives, should she be obstinate.

*Flav.* Tis done.

*Hon.* This A&t shall lose him, death upon  
The Surgeon, that hath dallied with my wounds,  
But I'll revenge this rape.

*Duke* Look to the Prince.

*Exit.*

*Flav.* I could adore my destiny, the wench sure,  
Meant to be ravish'd thus, I kiss thy policy;  
This chance hath made a dancing in my blood,  
While sin thrives, tis too early to be good.

*Exeunt.*

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## A C T. III.

*Enter Antonio and Fieretta.*

*Fior.* IS this Ferraras Court?

*Anto* I Yes Madam.

*Fior.* I will not yet discover, I shall find,  
A time *Antonio* to reward thy faith  
And service to me.

*Enter*



*Enter Donabella, Florelia, Ladies.*

*Anto.* Here are Ladies Madam.

*Dona.* I have a great desire to see this wonder,  
The Princess *Fioletta*, so much fam'd  
For beauty.

*Flor.* Comes she with his Excellence?

*Do.* Most certainly, so speaks the Prince *Leonato's*  
My Brothers Letters, and that with some difficulty,  
He gain'd her from the Nunnery.

*Flor.* Who is this?

*Don.* She has an excellent shape, some stranger;  
Prethee *Florelia* ask.

*Anto.* This Lady Madam,  
Seems to make some address this way; I know not,  
Upon what Jealousie my Lady left  
*Placentia* so privatly, where she  
Was entertain'd by *Flaviano's* Mother,  
Though old, a Lady of no decrepit brain.

*Fior. Antonio.*

*Flor.* A Lady, Madam, calls her self *Lauriana*,  
Born in *Placentia*, but the Warrs affrighting,  
Both *Mantua* and the confines, she came hither  
With confidence of safety, till the storm  
At home be over.

*Dona.* It is not fit a person of your quality  
And presence should be engag'd to common persons,  
And if I may entreat, you shall consent  
To be my guest at Court, which will be proud  
To entertain such beauty.

*Fior.* It must be  
Too great an honor Madam.

*Don. Leonato* my Brother hath secur'd your peace at  
Which cannot be less pleasing, if you tase (home,  
The freedom I can here provide and promise you,  
We expect him every minute with the Princess  
*Fioletta*, in whose love he holds more triumph.

Thar

*The Imposture.*

*Fior.* And yet his fame was Earlier than this conquest,  
For many noble Virtues, but has your grace  
A confidence that he brings *Fioretta* with him?

*Dona.* Since he left *Mantua* we received such letters.

*Enter Petronio.*

*Pe.* Madam, the Prince is come to court, and with him  
The gallant Lady wee expected.

*Fior.* I am not well o'th' suddain.

*Dona.* Virue defend!

*Pe.* The good old Duke your Father, will  
Shew comfort in his sick-bed to behold  
A Son and Daughter.

*Fior.* Are they married?

*Petro.* No Madam, but I am confident  
So great a joy will not be long deferr'd,  
'Twere sin such hope should wither by delay,  
They both wish to be happy in your presence,  
And you at first sight of this Princely sister  
Will much applaud your brothers fate.

*Dona.* I hope so,  
How is it Madam yet?

*Fior.* I do beseech you  
Let not your graces too much care of me  
Detain you from the joy your brother brings.  
Another *Fioretta*?

*Enter Leonato.*

*Leo.* *Donabella*?

*Dona.* I shall not fear a surfeit in my joyes  
To see you safe.

*Fior.* A gallant Gentleman.

*Leon.* What Ladie's that?

*Dona.* A stranger, sir, with whom I have prevail'd  
To grace our court a while, which will be Honor'd  
In such a guest.

*Leo.* And I should call it happiness  
If you would please to dwell for ever with us,

*The Impostor*  
I have brought home such a companion,  
For both your beauties you will not repent.

*Fior.* The Duke of Mantua's Daughter, I congratulate  
Your double victory, and if I may,  
Without imputed flattery speak my thoughts,  
You did deserve her, had she to her birth,  
All the additions that grace a Woman.

*Leon.* You have conferr'd a bounty on me Madam,  
And leave me hopeless to reward the debt  
I owe this fair opinion.

*Fior.* Sir, the venture  
You made through blood, and danger, doth deserve it,  
And she were impious, did not think her self  
Much honor'd to be call'd your valors triumph.  
I shall betray my self. Censure me not,  
Immodest or suspectfull of her virtue,  
Whom you have made the darling of your heart.

*Enter Bertoldi.*

*Bert.* Sir the Duke calls for you.

*Dona.* Signior Bertoldi.

*Bert.* Your Graces creature.

*Leon.* Will it please you Madam?

*Fior.* I humbly pray your Highness to excuse me,  
I may have time and happiness to attend you,  
When with more health I may present my services,  
I dare not see this Lady.

*Leon.* Wait you upon that Lady Signior.

*Bert.* With all my heart; incomparable Lady----

*Fior.* I have servants to attend me.

*Bert.* But not one,  
More humble, or more active for your service,  
You cannot choose but know my Lady Mother;  
I have not seen her yet, but she shall stay,  
I'll kneel to her when I have done with you.

*Exit*

*The Imposture.**Enter Florelia, Volterino.**Flor.* But is my Son so valiant, Signior?

This War hath wrought a miracle upon him.

*Volt.* He was a coward beyond *Ela*, Madam,  
 I must acknowledg, to whom men in pitty  
 Of his Birth, and care of your much-loved honor  
 Often forgave his life, but see the turn,  
 He that went forth ( for all our conjurings  
 And promise of no danger ) as he had  
 Been marching towards *Etna*, nay before  
 The instant fight would have given all the World  
 To have been assur'd when he came home, but one  
 Of every thing about him——

*Flo.* What d'ee mean?

*Volt.* One eye, one ear, one arm, and but one leg  
 To have hopt home withall, strange, how i'th' heat  
 O'th' Battle he grew double, and there fought  
 As he had two soules; oh ! had you seen  
 When like a Magazine he march'd, with pikes  
 With guns & Corflets, which he took from th' Enemy,  
 With swords more than a Surgeons sign, stuck round,  
 And seeming like a porcupine to shoot  
 The Iron Quills—

*Flo.* But is this possible?*Volt.* I never saw a Dragon do such things.

*Flor.* This was not by instinct, but some example  
 He saw in you, that wak'd his sleeping spirit.  
 And he must owe all that is Valiant in him  
 To your brave soul; which like a burning Comet  
 Flew with prodigious terror to the Enemy.

*Volt.* You do not Jeer your servant?

*Flor.* And so he, by your great blaze  
 Saw his next way to honor;  
 For can I but acknowledge all my joyes  
 Now in my Son do flow from you; a souldier  
 Was ever high in my esteem, but you

Have

Have plac'd the title nearest to me, pray  
Favour me often with your visit.

*Volt.* The Town's my own.

*Flor.* No complement good *Signior*, your love  
If plac'd on me, shall find an object, though,  
Not equall to your favors, not ingratefull;  
I wonder he absents himself so long.

*Volt.* My care shall be to find him out and bring him  
A welcom present to your eye. She's caught. *Exit*

*Flor.* These Soldiers think if they but once lay siege,  
We must come in by force or composition.  
Although a Maiden Town may not hold out,  
A Widdow but well vittled with the bare  
Munition of her tongue, will tire an Army;  
I must suspect my Son, for all this legend,  
No mighty man at armes; hee's here.

*Enter Bertoldi, Hortensio.*

*Hort.* Your blessing.

*Flor.* Take it, and with it all my prayers, thou maist  
Grow up in honor, and deserve to be  
Thy Fathers Son.

*Bert.* Kifs her *Hortensio*, do, she is thine own.

*Hort.* 'Twas my ambition Madam  
To wait upon my Convert, and to kifs  
Your white hand.

*Flor.* *Signior Volterino* was here but now, and has  
Told me such stories, Son—— *Bert.* Of me?  
He had better eat my Spaniard, then mention me  
With any scruple of dishonour. *(ders.*

*Flor.* He extolls you for a Soldier, and tells me won-

*Hort.* If you dare believe me Madam, your Son has  
Behav'd him like a Gentleman.

*Bert.* I confess,  
I was—but that's no matter, thank this Cavalier;  
can receive and give a gash, and look on't  
When I ha' don without your cordial waters

Shall



*Flor.* Shall I cut you o'r the face Mother?

*Flor.* Sir I am peor to recompence the honor  
You have done my Son, I see he is your convert,  
You that infus'd a soul in him cannot  
Enough be glorified.

*Hort.* Tis within your power  
Madam to overpoise all my deserts.  
True, I did stir those dormant seeds of nobleness  
Your blood left in him, and made glow those sparks,  
Into a flame, were hid in hills of Ashes;  
Now he is yours, and if you Madam think  
I have done any service by an Act  
Or precept that could light your Son to honor,  
You make me fortunate, and encourage  
A Souldier to imploy his whole life here.

*Flo.* How d'ee mean?

*Ho.* Without more complement to love you, and---

*Flo.* VVhat?

*Ho.* VVish my self with you Madam when you dream

*Flr.* You would be with me when I dream.

*Hort.* But I should wake you. (broke.

*Flor.* But I should be very angry to have my sleep

*Hort.* But I would please you agen,

And rock you into a traunce with so much harmony,  
You shall wish to dye in't. I am very plain.

*Flor.* Me thinks you are very rough.

*Hort.* A Souldiers garb,

The old but the best fashion; a Sword,  
And flattery were not meant for one mans wearings;  
Madam I love you, but not doat upon you,  
For you are something old.

*Flor.* I am indeed sir.

*Hort.* Yet you are very handsome, and I love you;  
Y're witty, fair, and honest, but a VViddow,  
And yet I love you; I do know you are rich,  
Exceeding mighty rich.

*Flo.* And yet you love me.

*Hort.*

*Hort.* But Madam, I am a man.

*Flor.* I do not mean to try you *Signior*.

Pray Son do you.

*Hort.* Now put your vote in.

*Bert.* What should I do Madam?

*Flor.* Try whether he be a man or no.

*Bert.* Should I?

*Flor.* D'ee hear? they say you are grown valiant.

Upon my blessing I command you strike

This Gentleman, and do it presently.

*Bert.* Strike him?

*Flor.* Yes.

*Bert.* A way, away, what here?

*Flor.* Even here, this very minute.

*Bert.* Not for your house, and all the monies in't,

Not for my Fathers Wardrob, and I were

An Adamite atop o'th' Alps, though you

Admire the reliques, and have turn'd your Gallery

Into a Chapel, where his severall suites

Hang up like Images for you to pray to:

Strike one taught me to fight?

*Exit Flor.*

*Hort.* Is she gone? what said she?

*Bert.* The foolish woman —

*Hort.* Why what's the matter?

*Bert.* Shee shews her breeding, but do not you despair.

*Enter Florelia.*

*Flor.* If I mistake not sir, you would pretend

You love me honourably.

*Hort.* May I perish else.

*Flor.* When you can make't appear in visible wounds

Upon your head, or body, that my Son

Dares fight — you and I'll be married.

*Bert.* I told you *Signior* you should have my Mother.

*Hort.* The Devill shall have you both upon easier

Visible wounds upon my head or body? (conditions)

*Flor.* And here's my hand upon the sight thereof,

EnA

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11

I'll be your wife; and so farewell till dooms-day.

*Hort.* But hark you Lady.

*Bert.* My Mother's a Witch. I shall ne'r be valiant  
In this World, what quarrels I may have i'th' next,  
I know not.

There are some dead threatned to cudgell me.

*Hort.* Is there no hope, that I may catch you in  
The Noose of Matrimony, unless your Son  
First break my head?

*Flor.* I wo't not swear.

*Hort.* It is not your best course, take heed of vows.

*Flor.* Why my dear Signior?

*Hort.* For your souls sake, and yet  
Dispose that as you please, I'll see who dare  
Cary your body from me, spight o' *Lucifer*  
I will ha' that, and come by't lawfully;  
And so my service; think on't.

*Flor.* A fine fellow.

*Exeunt. Manet Bert.*

*Bert.* Would I had his audacity; my Mistress,  
Yet knows not what I mean, but I will to her,  
And kiss her Glove immediatly.

*Exit.*

*Enter Henorio.*

*Hon.* This Court is like a twilight, where I cannot  
Distinguish day, or perfect night, some faces  
Are cheerfull as the morn, others agen  
Are dark, and wrapt like evenings in a mist  
Isis instinct for my approach, that brings  
A resolution to revenge the rape  
Upon my Sister; grow more strong my thoughts,  
And let no fear distract you. Prince I have  
Consider'd thee in all thy pride of merit,  
Allow'd my Fathers Contract, and did give thee  
My Sisters heart in thy own vote, but when,  
She onely made a pause for ceremony,  
Not disaffection, since thou could'st forget  
Thy honour of a Prince, to invade her Chastity,

And

And forfeit thy Religion, thus I come,  
To whip thy blood, or leave my own a sacrifice.

*Enter Petronio.*

Sir, may a stranger ask without offence, why  
The Court like *Janns* doth present a double  
Face, as it labour'd twixt the fierce extremes  
Of triumph and despair.

*Petro.* Sir you mistake not  
The mixture of our passions, the Court  
Smiles in our happiness to entertain  
The Prince, and his fair Mistress, but doth wear,  
A grief and paleness, for the Duke, whose want  
Of health delays their marriage.

*Honor.* I apprehend;

Sir I am bold, May not a Gentleman  
Engag'd to visit other Courts of *Italy*,  
Make his ambition fortunate to receive  
A favour from this Prince, and kiss his hand,  
Before he leave the Dukedome?

*Enter Leonato.*

*Petro.* He is here Sir.

*Leon.* Lord *Petronio*, intreat the Princess  
*Fioretta*, and my Sister meet me i'th' grove—  
This Gentleman—

*Honor.* kisses his hand.

*Honor.* You have made me happy;  
Though I want honor to be known, your fame  
Speaks you a valiant Prince, and fortunate,  
And I must with the World congratulate  
Your victory at *Mantua*, upon which,  
So rich a triumph waites.

*Leon.* What triumph sir? *Honor.* The Princess *Fioretta*.

*Leon.* I acknowledge  
That Garland is my glory, such a treasure,  
Was worth more service, than my sword could merit:  
But I must be a debtor to my starres,

And can release all other happiness,  
Within their influence to come, so they  
Confirm me Lord still of her beauties Empire.

*Hono.* This doth becom your Excellence; what error  
(Receive it not prophane) should Heaven and nature,  
Have made, to have kept your hearts too long asunder?  
And yet I may mistake, for though your Grace,  
Affect her with all height your soul can fancie,  
I know not how her love may answer this  
Desert in you.

*Leon.* How fir?

*Hono.* Your Highness pardon;  
I am no Prophet, nor do wish to see,  
Upon your spring, another winde than what  
The wings of pregnant Western gales do enrich  
The air withall, which gliding as you walk,  
May kiss the teeming flowers, and with soft breath  
Open the Buds to welcom their preserver;  
I wish you might grow up two even Cedars,  
Till your top-boughs kiss Heaven that made you flou-  
When stooping to behold the numerous branches  
That prosper in your growth, and what refreshing  
The World below receives by your cool shade,  
You wave your heads in the applause and wonder  
This is the Song I bring to your chaste *Hymen*,  
And thus would every good man pray, but that  
They fear.

*Leon.* Fear, what?

*Hono.* The blessings they invoke,  
With all their importunity of prayers,  
Will not descend.

*Leon.* I cannot reach you fir  
Without a perspective, but this wanders from  
The doubt you made of *Fire* as love,  
To answer mine, that talk was dangerous,  
I must not hear t agen.

LnA

2 D

*Hono.* You



*Hon.* You must, unless  
You can be deaf, or cut the tongue of fame out.

*Leon.* The man hath somewhere lost his senses; go back  
And find thy strangled wits, this language has  
No chain of reason, I lose breath upon  
A thing distracted.

*Honor.* Tis not come to that,  
I've no such hot vexation, but a soul  
Possess'd with noble anger, and with pity.  
Prince, I must tell you there are dangerous symptoms  
Of a State Apoplex; those airy stiles  
Of fame you walk on, will deceive your pride,  
When every honest breath, angry at what  
You did so late in the contempt of goodness,  
Will tell the wind how it mistook your praises,  
And in a sigh conclude her sad repentance.  
I come not fir to flatter.

*Leon.* It appears so.

*Honor.* But tell you what hath eat into your soul  
Of honor, and there poison'd all the worth  
The VWorld once lov'd you for.

*Leon.* You talk as if  
You had consulted with my fate, and read  
The leaves of my inevitable doom;  
VWhat action hath so much incens'd my late  
Kind starres to this revolt, and threatneth like  
To busie tongues in my disgrace?

*Honor.* The noise is lowd already, would there were  
No truth in men, who say, you ravish'd *Fiorista*  
Sweet Princess from her Prayers, and left a Monument  
Of such a sacrilege committed by you,  
The very stones since groan in her behalf  
You ravish'd from the Nunnery, on this  
Must needs depend her hate,  
VWhose person and Religious vow you have  
Unlike a Prince prophan'd.

*Leon.* Y<sup>e</sup> are very bold,  
What confidence can that outside raise in you  
To be thus sawcie?

*Hono.* Sawcie?

*Leon.* Impudent.

Is life a burden, that you dare my anger?  
What art?

*Ho.* A gentleman, that have more right to honor  
Than he that is a Prince, and dares degenerate.

*Le.* There's something in thy face would have me think  
Thou maist be worth my punishment, that I  
Could uncreate thee, if thy velnes do house  
But Common blood, to make thee a fit Enemy  
In Birth, and soul to me, that I might kill thee  
Without a blush to honor, do not tempt  
My Just rage, that provok'd will scorn a sword,  
And make thee nothing with a look; be gone,  
Get hence with the same speed, thou wouldst avoid  
A falling Tower, or hadst new seen a Lioness  
Walking upon some cliff, and gazing round  
To find a prey, which she persues with eyes  
That shoot contracted flame, but when her teeth  
And pawes arrive, they quickly leave no part  
Or sign of what there was.

*Ho.* Just heaven, how high he talks, and counterfeits  
Your noise! I have a charm against your thunder;  
If thou hast courage to stay, thou quickly shalt repent  
Heavens Justice in my arm sent to revenge  
Thy sacrilege, the more to encourage thee  
To fight, I am thy equall, and a Prince. { *They*  
Or may thy sin o'take my blood, and set { *Disse*  
A weight upon my soul when thou hast kil'd me

*Enter Donabella, Juliana.*

*Jul.* Alas my Lord?

*Don.* Dear Brother?

Help

Help, what traitor's this?

*Leon.* Away sweet *Fioretta*.

*Honor.* *Fioretta*.

*In.* Ha? I am undone, alas what do you mean?

My Brother, Prince *Honorio*.

*Leon.* Thy brother?

*Iuli.* Oh let me hold thee safe in my Embraces.

*Don. Leo.* *Honorio*.

*Hono.* The same, but not her brother.

*Leon.* Pardon me,

Whose soul disdain'd in my belief thou wert  
An insolent stranger, to acknowledge any thing  
Of satisfaction, but let thy sister  
Now speak for both.

*Hono.* Give space to my amazement.

*In.* If changing thus soft kisses, arms and heart  
You interpret violence, *Fioretta*, then  
Thy sister has been ravished; who hath thus  
Abus'd your faith, and wrong'd this Princes Virtue?  
Clear as the light of stars. I must confess  
I seem'd to wave his courtship, when he first  
Beheld me veild, which modesty instructed,  
And though my heart were won, I kept it secret,  
To make more proof of his, who not consenting  
To be depriv'd too long of what he lov'd,  
He brought a force to th' Cloister: but took me  
His own away without a rape, and since  
All his adresses have been honorable.

*Hono.* Instead of satisfaction, you enlarge  
My wonder, what Impostures here? the Prince  
Is cosend, yet she owns me; pardon sir,  
I was made believe, you did most impiously  
Compell my sister, and by force enjoy'd her,  
But now I find we are all abus'd; to what  
Misfortune might this error have engag'd us?

*Leon.* This is my sister.

*Honor.* You cannot want a charity  
That are so fair.

*Juli.* Would *Leonato's* Sword  
Had prosper'd in his death; I must be confident;  
You have not yet made glad my heart *Honorio*,  
With our good Fathers health, I have some trembling  
Within my blood, and fear all is not well.

*Hono.* Gypsyc?

*Julia.* You look not cherefully.

*Hono.* My Father enjoys a perfect health.

*Juli.* That word hath blest me.  
Sister and *Leonato*, you'll excuse,  
If I transgress with joy to see my Brothers;  
Were but the Duke my Father here, I summ'd  
All my delights on earth —

*Honor.* She confounds me.

*Juli.* *Honorio* and I will follow you.

*Hono.* You are not my Sister?

*Exit Leon. Della.*

*Juli.* Sir, tis very true.

*Hono.* Where is she?

*Juli.* You shall know what will make you happy fir,  
If you preserve this wisdom.

*Hono.* I have seen you before.

*Juli.* But I am destin'd here, to do such service;  
To your Family you shall know more —

*Hono.* Give me breath for two minutes,  
Be confident of my silence, they expect you.

*Ex. Juli.*

So let me have some air, am I *Honorio*?

*Enter Fiorella, Bertoldi.*

What prodigies are these? we are all bewitch'd;

Ha Sister, *Fior* Brother *Honorio*!

*Honor.* 'Tis she, what's he?

*Fio.* Not worth the interruption of one kiss.

*Ber.* My friend —

*Hono.* My fool — *Fiorella* shew me where

*We.*

We may enjoy a shade, I'll tell thee wonders.

*Exeunt, manet Bert.*

*Ber.* Sir I shall meet with you agen; a pretty fellow.

*Exit.*

# A C T. III.

*Enter Fioretta and Donabella.*

*Fior.* **M**Adam I fear this walk into the Park, (more  
May engage your grace too far without som  
To attend you,

*Do.* Our own thoughts may be our guard,  
I use it frequently; but to our discourse  
Of Prince *Honorio*, for we cannot find  
A nobler subject, I observe that he  
And you have been acquainted.

*Fior.* T was my happiness,  
To have my breeding in the Court of *Mamma*,  
Where I among the rest of his admirers,  
Seeing his youth improv'd with so much honor,  
Grew into admiration of his virtues,  
VWhich now he writes man do so fully crown him,  
His Father's Dukedome holds no ornament  
To stand in competition.

*Dona.* You speak him high,  
And with a passion too, that tastes of love.

*Fior.* Madam, I honor him,  
As may become his servant.

*Dona.* As his Mistris rather.

*Fior.* My heart is clear from such ambition.

*Dona.* But yet not proof against all *Cupid's* shafts;  
I do not think but you have been in love.

*Fior.* VVho hath not felt the wounds; but I ne'r look'd  
Above my birth and fortunes; Prince *Honorio*,  
May become your election, and great blood.

*Dona.*



*Dona.* I find it here already.

*Fier.* Nor could you  
Endear it where so much desert invites  
It to be belov'd.

*Dona.* My looks do sure betray me,  
I do believe him all compos'd of honor,  
And have receiv'd your Character from the World  
So noble, all your praise can be no flattery.  
I know not by what powerfull charm within  
His person, Madam, I confess my eyes  
Take some delight to see him, but I fear——

*Fier.* I find your Jealousie, and dare secure you.  
If in your amorous bosom, you feel, Madam,  
A Golden shaft, the cure is made by cherishing  
The happy wound; my destiny hath plac'd.  
My thoughts of love, where they cannot concern  
Your trouble or suspicion, nor indeed  
My hope, for I despair ever to meet,  
His clear affection whom I honor.

*Dona.* Would (cious;  
This Court containd whom you would make so pre-  
I should with as much cherefullness assist  
Thy wishes, as desire thy aid to mine;  
I do believe you have much credit with  
His thoughts, and virtue to deserve it Madam.

*Fier.* If you trust me,  
The favor I have with his Highness, shall not  
Create your prejudice, be confident,  
Your birth, your beauty, and those numerous graces  
That wait upon you, must command his heart.

*Dona.* Madam you force a blush for my much want  
Of what y<sup>e</sup> are pleas'd to impute my ornaments,  
You are acquainted with your self, and shew  
What I should be, if I were rich like you,  
But my disparity of worth allow'd,  
Would you would call me Sister, and impose

Something

Something on me, my act of confidence,  
And free discovery of my soul, may  
Deserve faith from you, that I shall never  
Injure his name you love.

*Fior.* There is no hope  
In my desires, and therefore I beseech,  
Dear Madam, your excuse, yet thus much I  
Dare borrow of my grief to say, he lives  
Now in the Court, for whose sake I thus wither.

*Dona.* Alas I fear agen, is he compos'd  
Of gentle blood, and canst thou be cruel?

*Fior.* No, he is very kind, for he did promise  
To be my Husband, we ha' been contracted.

*Don.* Disperse these mists, & clear my wonder Madam.

*Fior.* When time and sorrow shall by death prepare  
My sad release of love, you may know all;  
Were the condition of my fate like others,  
It were no grief to name him.

*Dona.* This doth more enlarge my Jealousie.

*Fior.* But let us leave this subject, till time fit,  
To ope the maze of my unhappy fortune.

*Enter Bertoldi.*

*Bert.* I heard that she was come into the Park,  
They cannot far be, they are in view,  
And no man with'em, I'll now be valiant.

*Enter Florelia and Honorio.*

*Fior.* It was her Highness charge I should direct you,  
I know her walk.

*Bert.* The blustering Prince agen;  
Who sent him hither? I think he conjures.  
Now dare I with as much confidence undertake  
To cure a Lyon rampant, o'the' Tooth-ach,  
As but go forward; and my valiant Mother

*Honor.* Your Son; I must excuse my self then to him.

*Ber.* Now shall I be fit for a Carbonado.

*Honor.* I hope you'll pardon sir, if I appear'd,  
Less smooth when I last saw you.

*Ber.* My

*Bert.* My good Lord, your Grace is too much humble,  
I'm your blow-ball, your breath dissolves my being,  
But to shew how free my wishes are to serve you,  
If you have any mind, or meaning to my Mother —

*Honor.* How do you mean?

*Bert.* In what way your Grace pleases,  
She shall be yours, your Highness may do worse,  
Although I say't she has those things may give  
A Prince content.

*Honor.* Your Son is very curteous.

*Flor.* I should prepare you fir to look with mercy  
Upon his folly. But the Princess.

*Bert.* Mother.

*Flor.* VVill you be still a fool,  
VVhat said you fir to th' Prince?

*Bert.* VVill you be wise and use him tenderly.

*Flor.* Stain to thy Fathers blood —  
I was comming Madam.

*Bert.* Vm: he is my rivall, would my hilts  
VVere in his belly, they are out of sight;  
It is no ruttin' time, no trick?

*Enter Flavians and Claudio disguised.*

*Flav.* Signior Bertoldi.

*Bert.* I do not know you friends, but, how soever,  
There is a purse of mony.

*Bert.* That Gentleman perhaps can drink; I like not  
Their goggle eyes, twas well I gave 'em mony.

*What d'ee want else? you are Souldiers, I know  
I love a Souldier.*

*Flor.* I am a Gentleman of Mantua fir,  
That owe my life to your command, as one  
That had an interest in the preservation  
Your army brought when the Enemy besieg'd us.

*Bert.* Your mercy Signior, and how do all  
Our limber friends 'ic'h Nunnery? I was one  
O' th' Cavaliers went with the Generall,

Into.

Into the Orchard of *Hesperides*  
To fetch the golden Dragon.

*Flav.* Golden Apple,

You mean the Princess *Pioretta Signior*;  
Is she married fir?

*Bert.* No, no, the Duke will neither dye, nor live;  
To any purpose, but they will be shortly;  
Have you a mind to kiss her haud?

*Flav.* I shall be proud —

*Bert.* You shall be as proud as you please fir.

*Flav.* You can resolve me, is *Honorio*  
Our Duke of *Manruas* Son here?

*Bert.* Yes, he is here,  
Heaven were a fitter place for him.

*Flav.* Ha! look to him,  
For he is come with bloody thoughts to murder  
Your Prince *Leonato*, caution him to walk  
VVith a strong guard, and arm himself with all  
That can be proof against his Sword or Pistoll,  
He cannot be too safe against the treason  
And horrid purpose of *Honorio*.

*Bert.* His mouth is Musket bore, but are you sure  
He did resolve to kill our Prince?

*Fla.* Most certain.

*Bert.* I am very glad to hear't. *Fla.* Glad fir?

*Bert.* Yes, I cannot wish him better then a Traitor,  
Now I shall be reveng'd.

*Flav.* Has he been guilty of any affront to you?

*Bert.* He is my Rivall.

*Flav.* VVhy do not you kill him then?

*Bert.* Pox on him, I cannot indure him.

*Flav.* He is then reserv'd to fall by me.

*Bert.* Tis too good to be true, are you marry'd *Signior*?

*Flav.* VVhat then?

*Bert.* If you be not, do this & you shall have  
My mother, a Lady that has Gold enough to pave

The Streets with double Ducats, heres my hand,  
Kill but this huffing Prince, my Mothers yours,

*Enter Honorio.*

And all her moveables — tis he alone too,  
There's a convenient bottom fir hard by. *Exit Hon.*  
The finest place to cut his throat, I'll not  
Be seen.

*Flav.* I am resolv'd, charge home thy little Murderers,  
And follow.

*Cland.* I warrant you my Lord. *Exit after Hon.*

*Enter Volterrio and Hortensio.* *(relia?)*

*Vol.* But tell me hast thou any hopes of Madam Flo-

*Hort.* I had a lusty promise.;

*Vol.* From her?

*Hort.* Ye Coxcomb her sweet Son.

*Vol.* Why so had I, he did contract her to me,  
A flat bargain and sale of all she had,  
So I would say he was valiant.

*Hort.* That was the price he made to me, but I,  
Had hope last visit from her self. *(tion,*

*Vol.* Be plain, I'll tell thee, she gave me strong expecta-  
And came on like a Cheverell.

*Hort.* I hear,  
She has given out she will have one of us.

*Enter Florelia.*

*Vol.* She cannot love us both.

*Hort.* Would she had one, & then the toy were over,  
I could make shift to love her. *(well.*

*Vol.* And to lye with her estate, one helps the other

*Florel.* I finde a change within my self, I hope,  
I sha' not prove in love now after all.

My jeasting, and so many coy repulces,  
To merit of birth and honor.

*Vol.* Tis she.;

*Florel.* Why do I think upon him, then? I fear,  
This man of War has don't.

*Horten. I*



*Horten.* I have it, wee'l finde whether she affect  
Or Juggle with us presently.

*Flor.* Those postures,  
Would shew some difference, here I can observe——

*Volt.* Your Mistress?

*Horten.* Mine if she be pleas'd, what interest  
Can all your merit challenge above me?

*Volt.* You will repent this insolence, I must,  
Forget to wear a sword, and hear thee name

*Flor.* *Flor.* with that confident relation  
To her fair thoughts, and not correct your pride,  
I'll search your heart, and let out those proud hopes,  
That thus exalt you.

*Hort.* You are cosend Signior,  
I do not fear your probe—the lets *fight,* *Flight*  
If we had no more wit, we might foine in earnest.

*Flor.* Ha, ha, ha, are you at that ward Gentlemen?

*Volt.* She laughs to see us fence o' this fashion,  
Lets come a little closer. *Fight.*

*Flor.* Hold, hold Gentlemen,  
For your own honors, is this valour well  
Employ'd? what cause can urge effusion,  
Thus of that noble blood was given you  
To serve your Country? are you mad?

*Hort.* We are but little better to be both in love.

*Flor.* What Woman,  
Considered in her best is worth this difference;  
She is cruell cannot finde a better way  
To reconcile you, than by letting blood.  
Do you both love one?

*Volt.* It does appear so Madam.

*Flor.* I would I knew the Lady makes you both  
Unhappy, I would counsell her some way,  
To set your hearts at peace.

*Volt.* Tis in your power.

*Hort.* Without more circumstance, do but look upon  
Your

Your self, and end our civill Wars; we ha' both  
Opinion of your virtue, and both hope  
An interest in your love, if you will please  
To point which of us two is most concern'd  
In your affection, you conclude our danger,  
And oblige one your everlasting Servant.

*Volt.* This Madam is a charitable way  
To know your own, and save two lives, for we  
Shall fix upon your sentence, and obey  
The fate you give us.

*Flar.* Do you fight for me?  
And will it save Incision and preserve  
Your noble veins to know whom I prefer  
In my best thoughts of love, this is but reasonable,  
And it will be hard to set a period  
To this contention, for I love you both  
So equally, observe me Cavaliers,  
Tis most impossible to distinguish which  
Is first in my neglect, for I love neither:  
Fight or be friends, you have your choice, and I  
My liberty—I had forgot to thank you,  
For your infusion of that fierce courage  
Into my Son, there is great hope if he  
Live till next year, he may be a Constable,  
He has an excellent art to keep the peace. Farewell.

*Volt.* Madam, for all this I believe you love—

*Hort.* I believe now she's old and has no teeth,  
Else she would bite at one of us— Reverend Madam,  
That word has fetch'd her, we ha' no other cordiall,  
At this dead pang for your disdain, but drink now;  
If you will have your Son made a fine Gentleman,  
Be sure you send him to the Tavern to us,  
He knows the rendezvous, though you despair,  
We may wind him up yet with spirit of Wine,  
How ever we'll be merry, and perhaps,  
For all this, drink your health.

*Vol.* Buoy Madam.

*Hort.* If you love your Baby send him.

*Exeunt.*

*Flor.* I am to blame, but I must help it some way.

*Exit.*

*Enter Honorio, Flaviano, Claudio with Pistols.*

*Hono.* Two Engins of so small extent to do  
Such mighty execution? may I see  
These instruments you say you have invented;  
And so commend for service?

*Flav.* Yes my Lord,  
Shew 'em to th' Prince, do they not fright already?  
Your Grace may take full view, and quickly be  
The proof what force they have.

*Honor.* I am betrai'd,  
Who hath conspir'd my death

*Flav.* To vex you, see him —

*Honor.* *Flaviano*, what mak'st thou here?

*Flav.* To put of these commodities; you are  
A princely Marchant, and affect this kind  
Of traffick, that you may not dy i'th' dark,  
I'll tell you a brief story, which you may  
Report i'th' other world, I did affect  
Ambitiously thy Sister *Fioretta*,  
Abus'd thy Father with a false opinion  
Of *Leonato*, for my end remov'd  
His Mistris from the Cloister, and perswaded  
A witty Nunne to take her name, and cheat  
The Prince, whom he suspects not yet.

*Honor.* Dam'd rascall?

*Flav.* For pure love to your Sister I did this.

*Hono.* Why having been so impious, does thy malice  
Persue me, ignorant of all thy treasons?

*Flav.* Would you know that?—because I am undone  
In my chief hope, the Princess whom I thought  
Thus plac'd secure, and apt for my own visit

Is gone, is vanish'd, and as soon I may  
 Find the impression of a Ship at Sea,  
 And by the hollow tract in waves oretake  
 The winged Bark, distinguish where the Birds,  
 At Chace 'ith' air, do print their active flight,  
 As find in what part of the envious World  
*Fiorella* is bestow'd; this sad intelligence  
 Surpriz'd me like a storm, nor was it safe  
 To look upon the Duke, who must too late  
 Repent his trust, and punish it. In this conflict  
 Of desperate thoughts, I thus resolv'd to see  
*Ferrara*, and the Lady I preferr'd,  
 But find things cannot prosper, if you live?  
 Whose angry breath will throw down what my policy  
 Wrought high, and strike my head beneath the ruines.  
 Are you now satisfi'd why you must not live?

*Honor.* Hear me, shee's still in silence, and believ'd  
 My Sister by the Prince.

*Flav.* When you are dead, then  
 You vwill be sure to tell no tales; novv shoot——

*Claud.* In my opinion, if all this be truth,  
 The mischief you ha' done may be sufficient,  
 And he may live.

*Flav.* Villain vvilt thou betray me?

*Claud.* You have betraid your self, and after this  
 Confession, as I take it, I may be  
 Your Ghostly Father, and prescribe you a Penance.

*Flav.* Hold.

*Claud.* I will but Physick you, your soul has caught  
 A vehement cold, and I have two hot pills  
 Will vvarm you at heart.

*Hono.* Shall my revenge be idle?

*Claud.* Good Prince, you are too forvvard, & you be  
 So hasty, I'm o' this side; did you think,  
 I vvould be false? yet lest my aim be unlucky,  
 Trust your ovvn hand to gulde 'em.

*Flav.* Thou

*Flav.* Thou art honest,

Thus I salute thy heart *Honorio*—ha, no charge.

*Cland.* Tis time fir to be honest, I could serve you  
In some Court sins, that are but flesh-colour,  
A wickedness of the first dye, whose brightness  
Will fade, and tincture change; your murder is  
Crimson in grain, I have no fancy too't.  
Sir you are safe.

*Hono.* I see thou hast preserv'd me.

*Flav.* I'm lost for ever.

*Hono.* Tis but a minute

Since you were found, you must be pleas'd to walk  
Into the Court, the Vestall you preserv'd  
No doubt will bid you welcome. Fare I thank thee.

*Flav.* False starres, I dare you now.

*Cland.* I shall wait on you.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Juliana.*

*Jul.* I have collected all my brain, and cannot  
In any counsell of my thoughts find safety;  
*Honorio's* death wo' not secure my strength,  
Or prop my languishing greatness; tis but like  
A cordiall when the pangs of death hang on us,  
Nay to my present state no other than  
Some liberall portion of a quivering stream,  
Drunk to abate the scorching of my Fever,  
It cooles to th' tast, and creeps like Ice dissolv'd  
Into my blood, but meeting with the flame,  
It scalds my bosom, and augments the fire  
That turnes my heart to ashes; poor *Juliana*,  
To what a loss hath thy first sin betray'd thee?  
Ambition hath reveng'd thy breach of Honor,  
And Death must cure Ambition, for I have  
No prospect left, but what invites to ruine.  
I am resolv'd not to expect my fate,  
But meet it this way.



*Enter Labano.*

*Leo. Dearst Fiorella*

Ha, what offends my Princess? there is something  
That dwells like an Eclipse upon thy eyes,  
They shine not as they did, a discontent,  
Is like a mildew fallen upon thy cheek,  
Tis pale and cold, as Winter were come back  
To over-run the Spring.

*Jul. My dearest Lord,*

My face is but the title to a Volume;  
Oft too much misery within, as will  
Tire your amazed soul to read.

*Leo. Thou dost*

Freeze up my blood already. O call back  
Part of this killing language, if thou mean'st  
To make me understand thee, the amazement  
Doth fall so like a deluge, I am drown'd,  
Ere I can think my fears; how have we liv'd  
At distance? thou shouldst walk upon this Earthquake  
And my ground tremble not, but with this fright  
I am awake, open the volume now,  
I will read every circumstance.

*Jul. Observe then, what first becomes my sorrow.*

*Leo. Dost thou kneel?*

That posture is for them have lost their Innocence;  
We must do this to Heaven.

*Jul. I must to you.*

*Leo. What guilt can weigh thee down so low?*  
Dost weep too?

*Jul. I should not love my eyes if they were silent,  
They know this story will too soon o'charge  
My feeble voice, that every tear could fall;*

Into some character which you might read,  
That so I might dispense with my sad tongue,  
And leave my sorrows legible; oh my Lord,  
I have wrong'd you above hope to find your mercy.

*Leo.* Take heed, & think once more what thou hast done,  
Ere thou describe such an offence, lest I  
Believe a fault, will drown us both with horror;  
Thou hast not broke thy vow, nor given away  
Thy honor, since thy faith did seal thee mine?

*Jul.* Not in a thought.

*Leo.* I wo't not see thee kneel,  
Rise, and be welcome to my armes, thou hast  
Done nothing can offend me *Fioretta*.

*Jul.* Alas——I am not *Fioretta*.

*Leo.* Ha! this doth confirm me, thou hast all this while  
But mock'd my fear, and yet this weeping is  
Not counterfeit, thou art too blame my love,  
Is it thy jealousy, that I am cold  
In my returns to answer thy affection?  
Or have I less in thy esteem of merit  
Than thy hopes flatter'd thee? or doth the time  
That dully moves, and intermit the joyes  
We promis'd when the Altar had confirm'd us  
Sit heavy on thy thought? we will awake  
From this our sullen sleep, and quit off those  
Sick Feathers that did droop our wings; fly to  
The holy man whose charm shall perfect us,  
And chain our amorous soules.

*Jul.* Divide us rather;

Joy is a fugitive of late, and while  
You think of *Hymen*, you remove your wishes.  
*Fioretta* will forbid the Priest.

*Leon.* Canst thou forget thy love so much?

*Juli.* Alas my Lord,

You have been all this while abus'd, and when  
I have said enough to assure your Faith, that I  
Am not your *Fioretta*, but a Virgin,  
Compell'd to take her name, you will I hope  
Kill me your self, and save me a despair,  
That will conclude my breath else in few Minutes.

*Leon.* Are not you *Fioretta*, but a Virgin  
Compell'd to take her name? who durst compell thee?

*Juli.* The Duke of *Mantua*.

*Leon.* I dissolve in wonder.

Durst *Mantua* use me thus? thy name?

*Juli.* *Iuliana*;

My blood, (excepting what does fill the veins  
Of *Princes*) flowing from the noblest spring  
Of honor.

*Leon.* Where was *Fioretta* then?

*Juli.* Conveid I know not whither, ere you came  
To save their lives that did betray you thus.

I was too careless of my fate, that I  
Kept such a glowing secret still within me,  
I had no fear to be consum'd, that had  
Another Fire within me, whose wide flame  
Had soon devour'd all my considerations.

Alas my Lord, You did appear so full  
Of honor, virtue, and such Princely love,  
Twas easie to forget on whom you smil'd,  
I had no thought to wish my self unhappy,  
Or own another name to my undoing,  
Yet now more tender of your birth and fame  
Than my own life, I cast my self beneath  
Your feet a bleeding sacrifice.

*Leon.* Am I awake and hear all this?

*Juli.* I see my Lord,  
In your enraged eye, what lightning is

*The Tenth Muse*  
Prepar'd, tis welcom; since I danot hope  
To live upon your smile, I would fain dye  
Betime, before the shame of my dishonour  
Inforce a mutinie upon my self;  
But think my Lord while I confess all this  
Against my self, how free I might have been,  
How happy, how near Heaven, above those glories,  
Had not you forc'd me from the blessed Garden  
Where I was planted, and grew fair, though not  
Oblig'd by any solemn vow, 'twas you,  
Your own hand ravish'd me from that sweet life,  
Where without thought of more than should concern  
Your welfare in my prayers, I might have sung,  
And had converse with Angells.

*Enter Petronio.*

*Petro.* Sir, I bring sad news.

*Leon.* I prethee speak, I am prepar'd for all.

*Petr.* The Duke is dead.

*Leon.* My Father dead?

*Petro.* I do not like the Princess at that posture.

*Leon.* I have forgot your name Lady--you may rise.

*Enter Honorio, Flaviano, Claudie, and Guard.*

*Hon.* My Lord I bring you news welcom as health  
Or liberty, your soul will not be spacious  
Enough to entertain what will with joyes  
And strong amazement fill it; how I swell,  
With my own happiness to think I shall  
Redeem your noble heart from a dishonor  
Wil weigh down death. You think you vwalk on Roses  
And feel not to vwhat Dragons teeth, and stings,  
You vvere betrayd. I bring a disinchantment,  
And come vvith happy proofs.

*Leon.* To tell me this is not

Your Sister *Fioretta*: but a Nunne  
 Suborn'd to cheat me ——— I know all the business,  
 And am resolv'd in my revenge. *Iuliana*,  
 Sweet suffering Maid, dry thy fair eyes, tis I  
 Must make thee satisfaction, I thus  
 By thy own name receive thee to my bosom,  
 But you that practis'd cunning, shall e'r time  
 Contract the age of one pale Moon, behold  
 The Countrey I preserv'd a heap of ruines.

*Int. Flaviano?* fir ———

*Honor.* Do you know vvhom you embrace?

*Flaviano* has confest

Himself the Traitor, and the black contriver  
 Of all this mischief; *Leonato* hear me,  
 Or by thy Father newly falln to ashes,  
 I shall repent I had an honorable  
 Thought of thee. *Flaviano*; Madam, vvitchcraft,  
 My rage vvill strangle my discourse, my soul  
 Is leaping forth to be reveng'd upon  
 That Devill; Prince keep off, his very breath  
 Will stifle thee, and dam thy honor to  
 All ages, *Fioretta's* now in Court.

*Flav.* Ha! in the Court?

*Leon.* This is some new device. (Harpies,

*Honor.* I charge thee by thy blood throw of these  
 And do my Sister justice, vvhom their treason  
 Hath made a scorn, that minute she usurps  
 Her name of Bride, I shall forget the Altar,  
 And turn my self the Priest, with all your blood  
 To make a purging sacrifice.

*Leon.* If when we  
 Receive our rites, thou dost but frown, or vvhisper  
 To interrupt one ceremony, I  
 Will make thee hold the tapers vvhile the Priest  
 Performes the holy office; tell thy Sister  
 Here I bestovv, vvhat you have made me for feir.

Present



Present her to the Nunnery, and counsell  
Thy ignoble Father, when I next see *Mantua*  
To be a sleep in's Coffin, and his vault  
Deep, and thick rib'd with Marble, my noise else  
Will shake his dust; thy youth finds mercy yet,  
Take the next whirl-wind, and remove—our guard;  
*Petronio* we confine him to your house. (man

*Hono.* Thou coward Prince, there's not one honest  
In all the World, our sins ascend like vapours,  
And will, if Justice sleep, stupifie Heaven,  
For thine own glory wake, if thou dispense  
With this, proud man will cry down providence.

Exeunt.

## ACT V.

Enter *Volterino*, *Hortensio*, *Pandolpho* (with a Towell.)

A Table set out and stools.

*Volt.* SUCH Wine as *Ganymede* doth skink to *Iove*  
When he invites the Gods to feast with him  
On *Iunos* wedding-day.

*Pandol.* *Iove* never drank so brisk a Nectar as I'll draw.  
But does *Signior Bertoldi* come?

*Hort.* What else? my Alderman o'th' Cellar.

*Volt.* He is our *Hilar*; shall we not ha Musick?

*Hort.* By all means, and the Mermaids.

*Pand.* You shall have any thing;  
But if *Signior Bertoldi* come, I have  
A boon to beg, I have a pretty plot  
To make you laugh.

*Volt.* What is't?

*Pand.* As you are Gentlemen, do not deny me;  
I have been your up-and-down-stairs-man to draw  
The best blood o'th' Grape these ten years,  
Trey held out no longer, I have a device

Shall

Shall make you merry when he comes, if you  
Will give me leave to shift, and help a jeast.  
He is a Coward still, under the Rose?

*Hort.* As any lives under the Sun, be confident.

*Volt.* The same senseless peece of timber,  
You may cut him into a Bed-staff.

*Pand.* I'll send you Wine, say I am valiant,  
Let me alone with the Catastrophe.

*Exit*

*Hort.* What will he do?

*Volt.* I know not, he were best make us laugh,  
I shall expound the matter else.

*Enter Bertoldi, and Drawer (with Wine.)*

*Bert.* My Mother remembers her service Gentlemen,  
I left my Mistris to come to you; and how?  
Shall we drink like Fishes? *Tolle rall lolly, &c.*

*Volt.* Sit, sit, a health to the Lady you kist last.

*Bert.* Let it come, I'll pledge it,  
And it were the Gulf of Venice.

*Hort.* And who's your Mistris?

*Bert.* Faith I do not know her name, nor ever kist any  
thing but her Glove in my life.

*Volt.* But you have told her your mind?

*Bert.* Not I by this Wine—but thats all one,  
She is a Lady, well bred, and companion  
To the Princess, that's enough.

Here *Signior*—would we had some Wenches here.

*Hort.* Some bouncing bona robas, hang this dul City  
there's no musick in't, no silken Musick.

*Volt.* Oh for a Wench could spit fire now, that could  
whizze like a Rocket, and fall into a 100 blasing stars,  
such a Fire-drake would be warm company in a close  
room, *Signior*.

*Hort.* And it were in a Cellar under the *Alpes*, it  
would make *Hercules* melt in the back.

*Bert.* But

*Bert.* But for all that, I do not like a finner of such a fiery constitution.

*Hort.* You would not venture upon the golden Fleece then, which is but the morall of a Maidenhead.

*Bert.* I never heard that afore.

*Hort.* So say the learned, first for the difficulty to obtain it, being watch'd by a Dragon, and then for the Rarity, there being but one in all the World.

*Bert.* But one Maidenhead?

*Volt.* And that some hold as doubtfull as the Phoenix or Unicorn, such things are in History, but the man's not alive that will take his Oath in what climat they are visible. Here's to the *Swan* that broke her heart with singing last.

*Hort.* And to the *Dolphin* that was in love with a Fidler's Boy of *Thebes*, who carryed him cross the Seas on her back a fishing, while he sung the sledge of *Troy* to the Tune of *Green-sleeves*, and caught a Whale with an angling rod.

*Bert.* I'll pledge 'em both; they are very fine healths. Are these your Mistresses names Gentlemen?

*Enter Pandolfo like a Soldier.*

*Volt.* Mysticall, Mysticall.

*Bert.* I Understand they are mysticall—who's this?

*Pand.* Save you Gentlemen.

*Volt.* Tis the Drawer.

*Pand.* I do not like the odor of your Wine. *(He throws*

*Bert.* Was it a health? let it go round Gent. *(He is Beat.*  
I am troubled with sore eyes, & this *Signior* *(He says.*  
has wash'd 'em for me, I hope I shall see to thank him.

*Hort.* Cry mercy *Signior*, you are like a noble Gent. I saw at *Rome*, you are the very same, to whom his Holiness gave a pension, for killing 6 great Turks in *Transylvania*, whose heads were boy'd, and brought home in a Portmantua.

*Pand.* I

*The Imposture.*

*Pand.* It was but 5 fir and a Sarasens.

*Hort.* You are the man?

*Volt.* Pray give me leave to honor you.

*Bert.* I desire to be your poor admirer too,  
My eyes are clear to see your worth, my name  
Is *Bertoldi* at your service.

(*John,*

*Pand.* To you *Signior*, a health to *Julius Caesar*, *Prester*  
And the grand *Cham* of *Tartaria*.

*Volt.* You sha' not pledge him.

*Bert.* No.

*Volt.* Make your exceptions, I'll justifie 'em.

*Hort.* This Cavalier drank t'ee fir.

*Bert.* I do remember, but I cannot pledge him.

*Pand.* How fir?

*Bert.* No fir, I'll pledge my friend *Prester Jack*,  
But for *Julius Caesar* and the grand *Cham* they are  
Pagans, I ha' nothing to say to 'em.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Here is a Gentleman, he seems of quality,  
Enquiring for *Signior Volterino* and *Hortensio*.

*Hort.* Admit him, and he be a Gentleman.

*Enter Florelia like a Gentleman.*

*Flor.* You'll pardon if a stranger that has had  
A long ambition to kiss your hands,  
Rather intreat for his access, than lose  
The happiness of your knowledge.

*Volt.* Sir, y'are most welcome.

*Hort.* If you will keep us company  
You must be equally engag'd.

*Bert.* My humble service, *Signior Hortensias* Mistress.

*Flor.* You honor me; would I were off agen.

*Bert.* Excuse me *Signior*.

*Flor.* Y'are too full of ceremony.

(*Cesar,*

*Pand.* Sir, is there any difference between you & *Julius*  
You would not pledge his health?

*Bert.* No difference in the world.

*Pand.* How

*Pand.* How, no difference between you, and a Roman  
*Flor.* Divide 'em, what's the matter? (Emperor)

*Hort.* O for some Trumpets.

*Bert.* Somebody hold my Sword, give me the Wine,  
 I'll drink it——

*Pand.* So, we are friends.

*Flor.* O shamefull!

*Bert.* But I shall find a time—— (nough.

*Pand.* Find twenty thousand years, there's time e-

*Volt.* I'll be your stickler.

*Bert.* I ha' not pledg'd the *Cham* yet, nor I wo'not,  
 come, I know you well enough.

*Pand.* Know me, for what?

*Bert.* For a brave fellow, and a man may believe thee  
 thou hast done things as well as the best on 'em, but  
 I know not where, nor I care not, tel me of *Julius Caesar*:  
 I am a Gentleman, and have seen fighting afore now,  
 here's a Cavalier knows it, I scorn to be baffel'd by any  
*Transilvanian Turk-killer* in Christendom, I; that's a  
*Volt.* Well said, and a Sandiack. (Mustie.

*Bert.* And a Sandiack, I defie the grand *Cham*, and  
 all his Tartars, y<sup>e</sup> are a stinking obstreperous fellow to  
 tell me of a Turd and a Fart, and I honor you with all  
 my heart. *Hort.* He call'd you Mustie.

*Pand.* What's that?

*Ho.* And a Sandiack, that is son of whor in 2 languages.

*Pand.* How? in two languages? then my honor is  
 Concern'd, have I in 30 battells gainst the *Turk*,  
 Stood the dire shock, when the *Granadoes* flew  
 Like Atomes in the Sun,

Have I kil'd 20 *Bashawes*, and a *Musselman*,  
 And took the Sultans Turbant Prisoner,  
 And shall I be affronted by a thing

Less than a *Lancepresado*? *Bert.* Will no body hold me

*Flor.* Gentlemen, this heat must needs be dangerous

*Pand.* Let me but speak with him



*Vol.* No danger o' my life, let 'em go together:  
And let us mind our business.

*Pand.* Signior, I am your friend, and pittie you  
Should lose so much your honor, be advis'd,  
I'll show a way how to repair your fame,  
And without danger.

{ *Pand. &  
Bert. talk  
privately.*

*Hort.* To *Volterinos* Mistris.

*Flor.* I receive it, I shall have my share, I now  
Repent my curiosity to see  
Their humors, and to hear what they would say  
Of me——

*Hort.* Let 'em alone—— to *Volterinos* Mistris.

*Vol.* Come, to my Whore.

*Flor.* Your Whore Signior?

*Vol.* Does that offend you?

*Flor.* Not me—— I ha done you right.

I am well enough rewarded & they beat me. (stranger.

*Bert.* I know not how to deserve this curtesie being a  
But if you want a Wife noble sir, and will accept of my  
Mother, you shall have her before any man in *Italy*.

*Pand.* I thank you sir,

But be sure you hit me full o'th' head.

*Bert.* 'Tis too much, a cut o'th' leg and please you,

*Pand.* No, let it be o'th' head.

*Bert.* You wo'not strike agen?

*Pand.* Mine's but a foil.

*Hort.* They measure and give back——

*Pand.* Oh I am slain, a Surgeon.

{ *Bertaldi  
strikes Pand.*

*Flor.* I'll take my leave.

*Hort.* By this hand, I'll drink his Mothers health first,  
There's no danger & he were dead; a health to the Lady  
*Florelia*, I drink it for his sake.

*Vol.* Away, and get a Surgeon.

*Bert.* Come, to my Lady Mother.

A man is not born to be a coward all his life.

*Flor.* I can no more sir.

*Hort.* You

*Hort.* You should ha' told me fir at first,  
There is no remedy, tis to an honorable Lady.

*Flor.* You must excuse me fir.

*Bert.* Throw't in his eyes.

*Hort.* At your request. *Hort. throws the Wine.*

*Flor.* Y'are most uncivill.

*Hort.* Y'are a mushrump. *strikes Flor.*

*Flor.* So fir, y'are a multitude, and in a Tavern,  
I did believe you fir a Gentleman,  
If you be, give me satisfaction nobly.

*Hort.* With all my heart.

*Flor.* Then thus——

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Signior Bertoldi flye, his wound is dangerous,  
We fear he wil bleed to death before the Surgeon come.

*Volt.* Out by the Postern.

*Bert.* Pox, a conspiracie, I shall kill but one, I see that;  
Would I were a Mite in a Holland Cheese now. *Exit.*

*Hort.* I wo't fail you fir.

*Serv.* He desires to speak with you before he dye.

*Hort.* Is Bertoldi gone?

*Volt.* *Hortensio*, I guess you may be ingag'd  
Leave me to these things, There may be danger.

*Hort.* I know the private way. *Exit.*

*Enter Honorio.*

*Hon.* Virtue and honor, I allow you names,  
You may give matter for dispute, and noise,  
But you have lost your Essence, and that truth  
We fondly have believ'd in human soules,  
Is ceas'd to be, we are grown fantastick bodies,  
Figures, and empty titles, and make haile  
To our first nothing, he that will be honest,  
Must quite throw off his cold decrepit nature,  
And have a new creation —— my poor Sister,

*Enter Fiorella.*

She has heard the Dukes resolve.

*Bert.* Oh

*Fior.* Oh let me dye, upon thy bosom Brother,  
I have liv'd  
Too long; they say the Duke resolves to marry  
With *Juliana*, so they call her now,  
Whose sorcery hath won upon his soul;  
I have walk'd too long in dark Clouds, and accuse  
Too late my silence, I am quite undone;  
There was some hope while he did love my name,  
But that and all is banish'd; is't not in  
The power of fancy to imagin this  
A dream that hath perplext us all this while?  
If it be reall, I will be reveng'd,  
Tis but forgetting what I am, and then  
I am not concern'd.

*Honor.* Rather forget the Duke,  
And live to triumph in a love more happy.  
He is not worth a tear.

*Enter Donabella.*

*Dona.* How's this? my heart!

*Honor.* Come, I wil kiss these sorrows from thy cheek,  
This Garden wants no watering, preserve  
This rain, it is a wealth should ransom Queens,  
As thou dost love me, chide thy saucie grief,  
That will undo the spring here, and inforce  
My heart to weep within me equall drops  
Of blood for these.

*Dona.* Oh my abus'd confidence,  
*Lauriana* now I find hath but betrayd me,  
Instruct me rage and jealousie.

*Fior.* I am resolv'd.

*Exit Donabella*

*Honor.* Well said, take courage *Fioretta*,  
Appear with thy own name and sufferings,  
Thy sight will strike the proud Impostors from  
Their Pyramids of glory.

*Fior.* It were more revenge to dye.

*Honor.* Not so deer *Fioretta*, something glides

Like

Like cheerfulness o'th' suddn through my blood;  
Despair not to be happy: Let's consult,  
And form the aptest way for all our honor. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Flaviano.*

*Flav.* There's but one cloud in all our sky, were that  
Remov'd, we were above the rage of storms:  
That *Clandio* knows too much. I look upon  
His life like a prodigions blazing Comet;  
He palls my blood; if I but meet him handsomly,  
I'll make him fixt as the North-star. I hear  
No whisper of him yet; were but he dead,  
*Juliana* and her friend might revell here:  
The Duke should have the name, but we would steer  
The Helm of State, and govern all. I have  
Gain'd much upon *Leonato's* easie faith,  
Who thinks me innocent, and that only duty  
Mislead my nature and my tongue to obey  
The Duke of *Mantua* and the Prince, upon  
Whose heads I have translated all my guilt.

*Enter Leonato, Clandio.*

And fram'd their jealousy at home my cause  
Of flight for refuge hither. Ha, my eyes  
Take in confusion! The Duke and *Clandio*!  
'Tis doomsday in my soul.

*Leon.* Can this be justified?

*Cland.* I dare confirm this truth with my last blood.

*Flav.* I dare not hear it. That I now could fling  
My self upon the winds — *Exit.*

*Cland.* And should be happy  
Were *Flaviano's* life put into ballance  
Against my own, to make it clear by his  
Confession. To my shame I must acknowledge  
I was the agent 'twixt 'em; he was pleas'd

To choose me his finock Officer, a place  
 Poor Gentlemen at Court are forc'd to serve in,  
 To please luxurious greatness, younger brothers,  
 Who cannot live by fair and honest wayes,  
 Must not sterve sir.

*Leon.* *Flaviano's* Whore?

Where can we hope to trust our faith, when such  
 White browes deceive us? *Enter Iuliana.*

*Iul.* I do not like

This *Clandio's* business here; the Duke is troubled;  
 My whole frame trembles.

*Leon.* Madam *Iuliana*?

My excellent white Devil, you are welcome,

Where is your Catamountain *Flaviano*?

You are no Serpents spawn?

*Iul.* Oh hear me sir, by your own goodness.

*Leon.* When wilt thou kneel to Heaven?

*Iul.* I see my lepronie unvaild, that sin

Which with my loss of honor first ingag'd

My miserie, is with a Sun-beam writ

Upon my guilty forehead, but I have not

(Excepting the concealment of my shame,

Which charity might privilege) offended

Above what I confess, and you have pardon'd.

*Leon.* She hath a tongue would almost tempt a Saint

To unbelieve Divinity, she learn'd

Some accents from that first Apostate Angell

That mutin'd in Heavens away,

I dare not trust my frailty; where's *Flaviano*?

*Exit Leon and Cland.*

*Iul.* My soul doth apprehend strange shapes of horror:

*Enter Fioretta.*

Ha — tis the Princess *Fioretta*.

*Fior.* Can you direct me Madam, how I may

Speak with the noble Lady *Iuliana*?

*Iul.*



*Jul.* I can instruct you Madam where to find  
A miserable woman of that name.

*Fior.* Where?

*Jul.* Here.

*Fior.* Do not deceive me;  
I came to visit her whom the Dukes love  
And confluence of glories must create  
A Duchess, to whose greatness I must pay  
My adoration.

*Jul.* Do not mock her, Madam,  
To whose undoing nothing wants but death;  
Let not my sin, which cannot hope your pardon,  
Make you forget your virtue; Princely natures,  
As they are next to Forms Angelically,  
Shew the next acts of pitty, not derision,  
When we are fall'n from Innocence.

*Fior.* Do you know me?

*Jul.* For the most injur'd *Fioretra*.

*Fior.* You must know more, I come to take revenge  
And kill thee.

*Jul.* Thus I kneel to meet your wounds,  
And shall account the drops my proud veins weep  
Spent for my cure; oh Madam you are not cruell,  
You have too soft, too meek a look;  
When you see me, your countenance should wear  
Upon it all the terrors that pale men  
Can apprehend from the wild face of War,  
A civill War, that wo' not spare the womb  
That gron'd and gave it life, this would become you,  
Or fancie meager Famine when she hunts  
With hollow eyes, and teeth able to grind  
A rock of Adamant to dust, or what  
Complexion the devouring pest should have,  
Were it to take a shape, and when you put  
Their horrors in your visage, look on me.

*Fior.* What hath prepar'd this bold resolve?

*Jul.* A hope

To be your sacrifice ; I was not before  
Without a thought to wish my self thus layd,  
And at your feet to beg you would destroy me.

*Fior.* Can you so easily consent to dy,  
And know not whither afterwards this guilt  
Would fling thy wandring soul?

*Jul.* Yes. I would pray

And ask your self, and the wrong'd world forgiveness.

*Fior.* Why didst thou use me thus? *weeps.*

*Jul.* I could, if you

Durst hear me, say something perhaps would take  
Your charity. Do you weep? gentle Madam?

And not one crimson drop from me, to wait  
Upon those precious showers? not to invite  
Your patience upon the lost *Juliana*,

But to call back your tears into their spring,  
And stay the weeping stream, I can inform you,  
The Duke looks on me now with eyes of anger ;  
I have no interest in a thought from him,  
That is not arm'd with hate and scorn against me.

*Fior.* This will undo you pitty, and assure me  
Thou hast all this while trembled with my Justice.

*Jul.* I would I might as soon invest my soul  
With my first purity, as clear this truth ;  
Or would the loss of him were all that fits  
Heavy upon my heart ; I cannot hope  
For comfort in delays of death, and dare  
Attend you to him, though it more undo me.

*Fior.* Rise, and obey me then.

*Jul.* I follow, Madam;

My use of life is only meant to serve you. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hartensia.*

*Hort.* This is the place within the wood he promis'd

To

To meet in, there is Saint Felices Chapell,  
That Father Cyprians cell, I hope my Gamster  
Will think it fit, I should not walk and wait  
Too long for him; these busineses of fighting  
Should be dispatch'd as Doctors do prescribe  
Physicall Pills, not to be chewd but swallow'd;  
Time spent in the considering deads the appetite,  
If I were not to fight now, I could pray;  
These terms of honor have but little grace with'em,  
Like Oisters we do open one another  
Without much preface; he that fights a duell  
Like a blind man that falls but cares to keep  
His staffe, provides with art to save his honor,  
But trusts his soul to chance, tis an ill fashion.

Enter Frier.

Fri. This is the Gentleman by her description  
That comes to fight, another Champion?

Enter Pegasus.

Fla. Do none persue me, I am a timorous Hare  
This guilty conscience is, I am not safe,  
I had no time to think of any disguise,  
And this can be no wilderness, the Duke  
Would give his Pallace for my head.

Her. Say so?

Flav. Oh for some Pegasus to mount! a Frier?  
His habit will serve rarely, seeming holiness  
Is a most excellent shrovvd to cheat the world.  
Good Father sanctity, I must be bold,  
Or cut your throat, nay I can follow.

Fri. Help, help.

Hort. Thou sacrilegious Villain.

Flav. I am caught already.

*Hort.* My good Lord *Flaviano*. Father ;  
 You may come back, and help to bind the Gentle man  
 If I did understand him well, he said!  
 The Duke has some affairs to use his head-piece;  
 I would not have him out o'th' way, when I  
 Return—to that tree—you were best be gentle.

*Flav.* I can but dye.

{ *Flav. is tied*  
 to a Tree.

*Hort.* Oh yes, you may be damn'd  
 All in good time, and it is very likely.

*Fri.* You have preserv'd my life Son.

*Hort.* It was my happiness to be so near,  
 VVhen virtue was distressed.

*Frier.* You have not done sir,  
 As you are noble follow me, there is  
 Another enemy to meet, but I  
 Dare be your guide and direct you.

*Hort.* VVhat name?  
 I'll walk and see the work on't.

*Exeunt all but Flav.*

*Enter Bertoldi.*

*Bert.* Oh for a Tenement under ground to hide me,  
 This wood will hardly do, if I can lurk  
 Here but till night; I am furnish'd well with ducats;  
 Your melancholy mole is happy now,  
 He fears no Officers, but walks invisible;  
 Would I were chamber-fellow to a worm,  
 The Rooks have princely lives that dwell upon  
 The tops of Trees, the Owls and Bats are Gentlemen,  
 They fly and fear no warrants, every Hare  
 Out-runs the Constable, only poor man  
 By nature slow and full of flegm, must stay,  
 And stand the curst Law, I do not think  
 Tis so much Penance to be hang'd indeed,  
 As to be thus in fear on't.

*Flav. Sir*

*Flav.* Sir, look this way.

*Bert.* Oh! if I had but the heart of a womans Tailor,  
I might run away now.

*Flav.* I am rob'd and bound. *(you.*

*Bert.* Umb, are you bound? there's the less danger in

*Flav.* For charity release me.

*Bert.* You are surely bound——whats that?

I hear another whispering o' that side;

Now I sweat all over, I but think

If I were naked, how Maids might gather dew

From every part about me——Tis the wind

Among the leaves. I do not like the Trees

Should lay their heads together o' this fashion.

You are my fast friend still.

*Flav.* Signior Bertoldo.

*Bert.* Does he name me?

You and the Tree shall grow together now,

I came not hither to be known; I am a Thief,

Or sturdy rogue; I have heard of these devices

In woods before; should I unbind him now,

Hee'd cut my throat, or rob me for my charity.

*Flav.* I am the man for your sake undertook

To kill the Prince your rivall.

*Bert.* Did you so? I'll trust you ne'r the sooner;

Well remembred, I'me glad y'are not at leisure;

You that will kill your Prince, will make but little

Conscience to quarter me.

*Flav.* But he is still alive.

*Bert.* Is he so?

Why then I am the less beholding to you.

So, you shall cancell your own bonds your self.

*Enter Hortensio, Florelia and Friar:*

How now, more persecution?

*Hort.* Here was a Duell quickly taken up,



And quaintly too, I did not think to marry  
The Gentleman that challeng'd me to fight,  
I thank your device Madam.

*Flor.* Thank the blow you gave me fir,  
I love a man dares strike.

*Hort.* I'll please you better with my after striking.

*Bert.* My Mother and *Hortensio*?

*Enter Volterino and Officers.*

*Volt.* Signior *Bertoldi* well met, lay hands on him  
And bind him fast, he has a dangerous spirit

*Bert.* Who I? you may as well say I have skil in the  
Black art, *Volterino*, Gentlemen, there's my Mother.

*Volt.* Your Son is valiant Madam now I hope,  
As you can wish, he has kil'd his man; but I  
Studious to ga in your favor have procur'd?  
His pardon from the Duke.

*Hort.* Is the Drawer dead?

*Volt.* Dead as the Wine he sometimes drew.

*Hort.* Farewell he; will you salute my Lady Signior  
And give us joy? yon Friar married us.

*Bert.* Let me go, I have my pardon.

*Volt.* Not yet; now you shall be hang'd agen,  
Did not you swear I should have your Mother

*Bert.* You shall have her yet.

*Flor.* If it be so,

He shall be worth your suit, and compound fairly.

*Volt.* No, I have thought of my revenge; because  
I cannot have your Mother, d'ee observe,  
If you expect the benefit of this pardon,  
You shall marry mine.

*Bert.* I'll marry any living soul,

(not

*Volt.* Shee's something old, till the last night I see her  
These forty ycars, since when shee's grown so ugly,  
I dare not own her, and some think the reason

Of

Of her deformity to proceed from witchcraft.

*Bert.* Alas good Gentlewoman.

*Volt.* I mean she is a Witch her self,  
And has two Cats they say,  
Suck her by turnes, which some call her Familiars;  
She has not had a tooth this thirty years;  
And you must kifs her with a spung i' your mouth,  
She is so full of flegm, else sheel go near  
To strangle you, and yet they say she has  
A most devouring appetite to mans flesh,  
You may have a devill of your own to attend you,  
And vvhhen y'are melancholy,  
Sheel make you Ghosts and Goblins dance before you  
Bring Bears and Bandogs with an o'r grown Ape  
Playing upon the Gittern.

*Hort.* Where is this creature? shall he not see her first?

*Volt.* I left her in a Sive was bound for Scotland,  
This morn to see some kindred, whence she was  
Determin'd to take Eg-shell to Skeedam.

*Enter Pandolpho disguised.*

From thence when she has din'd she promis'd me  
To ride post hither on a Distaff.

*Bert.* How?

*Volt.* Oh here she is, what think you of a Husband  
Mother? can you love this Gentleman, hee's one  
Will be a great comfort to you.

*Pandol.* I like the stripling well,  
He will serve to watch my pits, and see that none  
Of my spirits boile over.

*Bert.* Is this your Mother  
Come I'll be hang'd, tis the more hanfome destiny  
Unless you will take composition——

*Pandol.* Let me talk with the Gentleman.

*Hort.* I am at leisure now to wait on you sir.  
Unbind, and lead him to the Duke.

*Volt. Flaviano*

*Volt. Flaviano?* you are the Gentleman his Highness Gave strict command should be persw'd, I shall Be proud to wait upon you to the Court.

*Fla.* I wo't lose my passion on such bloodhounds.

*Bert.* We are agreed, hey, here's my pardon.

*Pand.* Yes, I am satisfied, and can thank you Signior. In severall shapes—

*Hort.* The Drawer.

*Pand.* I did want a sum like this to set me up: I was Provided gainst your Sword, a pretty night-cap, And almost Pistoll proof, I shall be rich, I thank your bounty, and so rid the Witch.

*Exit.*

*Flor.* Here's none of the Dukes hand.

*Volt.* It needs not Madam.

I know not yet by what device you came together thus.

*Hort.* I'll tell you as we walk.

*Bert.* Pay for a pardon and not kill my man?

The Duke shall hear o' this.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Leonato.*

*Leon.* No news of *Flaviano* yet? some furies Have sure transported him.

*Enter Petronio.*

*Petro.* A Gentleman with Letters fir from *Mantua*.

*Enter Duke of Mantua.*

*Leon.* Ha! admit him—leave us, the Duke himself?

*Du.* That comes to offer

A pledge for young *Honorio*, not in thought

Guilty of that unprincely entertainment

You had at *Mantua*. if my Son, as fame

Is busie in *Ferrara*, be expos'd

To your displeasure, change my fate with his,

That

That to my shame in part consented to  
The practice of a Traitor *Flaviano*,  
Who us'd my power to advance his own ambition  
To your dishonour, and instead of my  
*Fioretta*, whether now alive or dead  
I know not, cheat your faith with *Juliana*,  
To quit the noble safety your Sword brought us;  
My life is troublesome in the loss of fame,  
And *Fioretta*.

*Leon.* Where is *Flaviano*?

*Duke* Fled like a guilty villain from my Justice,  
May horror overtake him; let my Son  
Live by some noble deeds to expiate  
His Fathers forfeit, and disgrace; I come  
Without a guard, and were it not a crime  
To my eternity, cou'd sacrifice  
My self without expecting your revenge,  
Or nature to conclude my age.

*Enter Donabella, Fioretta, Juliana.*

*Dona.* Let me have Justice.

*Fior.* Give me Justice Prince.

*Jul.* Let me have Justice too.

*Leo.* Against whom Sister?

*Dona.* Against this Lady.

She hath conspir'd to take away my life.

*Fior.* My enemy is Duke *Leonato* fir,  
Who hath conspir'd to take away himself,  
A Treasure equall with my life.

*Jul.* My Enemy is *Juliana* fir, that hath conspir'd  
To rob her self, both of her life and honor.

*Du. Mant.* Tis she, my aged eyes take leave of seeing,  
Expect no object after this so welcome,  
My Daughter *Fioretta*.

*Fior.* Dearest Father.

*Dona.* How, *Fioretta*? she is then but Sister

*The Imposture.*

To my *Honorio*, life of all my joyes,  
My feet have wings at this glad news.

*Exit.*

*Leon.* Were you the Suffering Lady *Fioretta*?  
How could you live so long; within the Court,  
And no good Angell all this while acquaint me?

*Fior.* This joy is too too mighty, and I sha' not  
Repent my exile to be thus rewarded.

*Leon.* Confirm my happiness again, no treason  
Shall now divide us.

*Duke* Your hearts grow together.

*Leon.* I have receiv'd by *Clandio* the particular  
Of *Flavianos* treason, he has guilt  
Above your knowledge sir, *Juliana* findes it,  
And is confest his strumpet.

*Duke* You amaze me.

*Fior.* I blest now my suspition; when I was  
Convaidd from *Mantua*, which directed me  
To leave *Placentia* secretly, and invite  
My self a stranger to this Court, where now  
I meet as much joy as my soul can fancie.

*Ju.* You have not all this while pronounc'd my doom,  
I fear you hold intelligence with my soul,  
And know what pains I feel while I am living,  
You will not be so mercifull to kill me:

*Enter Clandio, Volterino, Hortensio, Florelia,  
Berroldi, Flaviano.*

*Claud. Flaviano!*

*Hort.* I present you with a Gentleman,  
I took rising a Hermit in the Wood,  
As it appears in hope to scape persure,  
Mid in a Friars habit, who dispatch'd  
After a matrimoniall betwixt  
This Lady and my self.

*Bert.* That



*Bert.* That old Gentleman should be Duke of Mantua  
What think you sir?

*Claud.* And that his Daughter *Fioretta*.

*Bert.* She is my Mistris.

*Claud.* She is like to prove the Duchess of Ferrara.

*Bert.* His Grace will not use me so,  
I will have Justice, Justice Gentle Duke.

*Flor.* Are you mad.

*Bert.* I'll be reveng'd o' somebody.

*Enter Honorio, Donabella*

*Leon.* *Honorio* your son, to meet your blessing.

*Don.* This was the life I fear'd to lose by her,  
Whom I suppos'd my rivall, pardon Madam.

*Duke* Thus circled, I must faint beneath my happiness

*Leon.* Forgive my passion, and receive a Brother.

*Honor.* That name doth honor us, where is *Flaviano*?

*Flav.* Whose witty brain must sentence me? let it  
Be home and handsom, I shall else despise  
And scorn your coarse inventions.

*Flor.* Let me obtain, since providence hath wrought  
This happy change, you would not stain our joyes  
With any blood, let not their sins exceed our charity.

*Leo.* Let him for ever then be banish'd both  
Our Duke-doms.

*Ho.* What shall become of *Juliana*?

*Duke* She (if your grace more fit to judge, consent)  
Shall to a house of converts and strict penance,  
Where *Flaviano*, as the price of her  
Lost honor, shall pay her dowry to Religion;  
What doth remain of his estate, shall be  
Emploid toward the redeeming Christian Captives.

*Jul.* I chearfully obey, and call it mercy.

*Leon.* Tis a most pious Justice.

*Bert.* Justice

*Bert.* Justice, thats my kue, Justice, Justice to *Bertoldi*  
Against *Signior Volterino*, I am cheated.

*Flor.* Will you be a fool upon record?

*Leon.* You shall have Justice.

*Volterino*, we appoint you, till he learn

More wit, to be his Guardian, and at your

Discretion govern his estate, so leave us.

*Volt.* I shall with my best study manage both.

*Bert.* I am as good as begg'd for a fool.

*Leon.* And thus we chain our hearts and provinces.

Madam I wish you joyes, to *Fioretta*

I give my self, my Sister to *Honorio*.

Treason is sick in her shore reign, but when

Heaven sees his time, Truth takes her Throne agen.

*Exeunt omnes.*

## Epilogue.

Our Duke domes.

*Ho.* While shall become of *Juliana*?

*Duke* She if your grace move in to judge consent

Shall to a hole of converts and first penance,

Where *Fiorino*, as the price offer

I self honor, shall pay her dowry to Religion,

What doth remain of his share, shall be

Employed toward the redemption of Christian Captives.

*Jul.* I cheerfully obey, and call it mercy.

*Leon.* T is a most pious Justice.

*Bert.* Justice

Epilogue,            by Juliana.

**N**ow the Play's done, I will confess to you,  
And wo'not doubt but you'll absolve me too.  
There is a myserie, let it not go far;  
For this Confession is auricular:  
I am sent among the Nuns to fast and pray,  
And suffer piteous penance, ha, ha, ha,  
They could no better way please my desires,  
I am no Nun—— but one of the Black-Friers.

FINIS.

53476

Shirley, James

FINIS